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"Over the Top"

SENIOR NUMBER

DECEMBER, 1917

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CLASS OF JANUARY, 1918

DECEMBER TWENTY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN

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Mr. William Milwitsky

O merry comrade, all the way
From Junior B to Senior A,
O cheerful friend, our guide and stay,
Companion, helper, counselor sage,
To thee we dedicate this page.

Class of January, 1918.

"If"

By Elizabeth MacArthur.

CLASS Day and Commencement were over, the one with its gaiety and freedom from restraint, the other with its quiet solemnity coupled with the thrill of hard-won diplomas. The college campus was filled with groups of visitors and students. All were getting ready to leave either that day or the next. But the boys of Marblehead dormitory had one more thing in store for them.

A happier group of boys, it would have been hard to find. From their sophomore year on, they had been in the same dormitory and through these years their class and dormitory adviser had been a real friend to each and every one. He had invited them to his room a few hours before breaking up time. Not one of those boys but wanted to be present, not one but ever felt eager to hear this beloved teacher's parting word.

When they were gathered and he had welcomed them as usual, he waited for the room to quiet and then began:

"If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too,"

and so on, until he had slowly, forcibly, reverently, repeated Kipling's "If."

"That is all, boys," he ended. "It has been an inspiration to me. *Live* it, boys, make it *your* inspiration."

* * * * * * *

Irving Henderson was the oldest of the class that had graduated that June, five years before. He had worked before going to college and had worked harder for his widowed mother after leaving college. Now he was in France, the commander of a small division of American soldiers.

They were clear-cut boys, real Americans to the core and they had played fair and square out there in France. How tired they were! Huddled together in a trench vacated the day before by the Germans. Fatigue seemed to be taking complete possession of them and with it came despair.

Henderson knew they must go "over the top" the next day. He knew the Germans were but a short distance away, and, when he told the boys they scarcely heeded. The intense fatigue was enfeebling their minds and paralyzing their bodies. They almost envied their comrades who had lost their lives that day.

Their commander watched them with tender eyes. How he loved them, these men—these Americans, some of them scarcely more than boys! He saw the cheeriest of them make a faint attempt at jollity and fall back inert, too heartsick to keep up his reputation for always having a joke on hand. For the first time in his life, Irving Henderson deplored his brevity of speech. He was sorry for his decisive, clear cut language for which he was noted. He knew what these men needed; they needed their spirit awakened, they needed inspiration. Many a commander had given just this to his men through eloquence, but what had he to offer? Everything

that came to him seemed trivial before their suffering.

The memory of the poem that had been his guide flashed into his mind. Rising from the soggy ground, he drew himself up with his military straightness and began to speak:

"If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
  But make allowance for their doubting too.
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
  Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
  And yet don't look to good, nor talk too wise"

—his clear voice was growing vibrant as he went on, his grey eyes were flashing as he continued the message of inspiration:

"If you can dream—and not make dreams your master,
  If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
  And treat those two imposters just the same.
If you can bear to see the truth you've spoken
  Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
  And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools.
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
  And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
  And never breath a word about your loss:
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
  To serve your turn long after they have gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
  Except the will which says to them 'Hold on!'"

At these words there was a visible stir. The men had felt the call of the soul, the indomnitable spirit of holding on, they rose above their fatigue, and like heroes went "over the top" in full harmony with the spirit of Kipling's immortal poem.

Mr. John Clarke, Freshman

By Lucille Hammond.

SOUNDS of merry voices issued from the little room at the end of the long hall in the dormitory at Cornell. There had gathered a group of Juniors. From the midst of a pile of pillows on a sofa in one corner of the room came the voice of Billy Anderson. "I say, fellows, it may be all very well to talk about these scary inexperienced freshmen, but there is one among those newcomers who, I must say, will change your ideas just a trifle."

"Oh, I know whom you mean, Bill," said Joe Miller. "That tall, dark and handsome occupant of the room next to Sandy's."

"That's right, Joe, we'll soon find out what sort of a—hello there, Sandy! Just in time to talk about that neighbor of yours. Here"—sending a chair sliding across the room to him—"make yourself comfortable and tell us all you know."

Sandy, after taking possession of some of Billy's pillows and making himself feel right at home, settled down for a discussion of his neighbor.

"Well, John Clarke's a pretty good sort of chap. I'm sure you will like him well enough. You see his father is a friend of dad's and, although we never were great chums, yet I feel in a way responsible for him here. He has rather broad ideas of a good time for a youngster, and is not over fond of books but with a little help, he may pull through. May I depend on you to share this responsibility?"

"Oh, of course, of course!" was the hearty reply. One person in the room, however, Charlie Bennet, looked on unperceived, with a somewhat sullen expression and his only response was the unpleasant sneer, "Let the little innocent look out for himself."

The days passed quickly with the routine of duties and pleasures. The freshmen were gradually adapting themselves to the new régime of college life, guided by their older and more experienced classmates. Clarke especially was interested in the sports and took part in all he possibly could, with such enthusiasm and success as to win the good favor of his fellow students. But in the meantime, the same success did not attend him in his studies. The professors were forever complaining of his lack of interest and common sense.

One day Billy had strolled into Sandy's room for a little chat.

"How do the latest reports of Clarke's doings suit you, Sandy?"

"Just what do you mean by the latest reports, Bill? You know I get them kind of mixed up once in a while."

"Well, the youngster went into town with Bennet and his crowd Monday night. They did not show up again till Tuesday morning just before chapel. Now, if the dean ever hears a word of this you know the rest, Sandy."

"I should say. But Bill, what can we do? He's too good a fellow to go that way and if he is put out of school for these pranks, think what it would mean to his father. You know there is nobody can beat John in his dad's opinion."

"Well, something must be done, Sandy, and you may depend on me as soon as we can decide what that something 'to be done' is."

Just then some one came along the hall whistling a popular air. Sandy ran to the door. "See here, John, come in a minute, will you?" The tall athletic figure cheerfully obeyed. "Gee, Sandy, you ought to have been with us the other night. We had—"

"Yes, I know all about it. But do you know what it all means? If one word of this gets to the dean, out you go."

"It's all over, now, and no harm done. Won't happen again, maybe."

"But that's not all, John. Do you realize exams come in three weeks, and you don't stand well? You've simply got to pass everything or you're done for."

"Now, it's getting more serious, Sandy; they told me I'd just about pull through everything but English and Professor Hawley is very doubtful about that. I've just got to do it, that's all. If there were only some way that I could make up, now. I'd never cut up so again."

A few moments of silence followed. Suddenly Billy yelled, "I've got it, fellows; I've got it!" At once they were all interest. "Sandy, you know the prize contest Hawley holds each year for the best essay. There's your chance, John. Get busy on that, win it, and pass your English."

"Just the thing, Billy," said Sandy. "Now, John, do your best."

"You can count on that, all right. Thanks, fellows. I'm going to get down to work."

As time went on there was much preparation among Professor Hawley's pupils for the contest. Clarke was an earnest worker, but only Sandy and Billy were aware of his ambitious attempt. They were well pleased with his preservance and the fact that he was no longer one of Bennet's followers.

At last his essay was complete, and so well written, that his friends were assured of his success. But on the morning of the day on which the essays were to be handed in, Clarke discovered, to his dismay, that his essay had disappeared. The three friends searched for it in vain, and finally gave up in despair.

Late that night when all had retired, someone noiselessly entered Sandy's room and called him in a guarded voice.

"Is that you, Miller?" asked Sandy. "What on earth do you want at this hour?"

"Sh-h, Sandy—come with me to Bennet. He has been hurt. You see we went into town and Bennet got into a fight with another fellow. Just got the worst of it, that's all."

Sandy scrambled out of bed and followed Miller to Bennet's room. He lay moaning and turning from side to side restlessly. Sandy, after a brief examination, assured Miller that Bennet was not seriously hurt, so Miller left Sandy to care for him for the night. When Bennet quieted down, Sandy glanced around the untidy room. Something on the table beside the bed attracted his attention. He went over to it and picked up Clarke's essay. "So, Bennet, you intended to win the prize with Clarke's essay. Your's was a fortunate accident for his safe," he mused.

The following day occurred two events: first, the presentation of a twenty-dollar gold piece as reward for the best essay to Mr. John Clarke, Freshman; second, but not quite so pleasant, was the expulsion of Mr. Charles Bennet from Cornell.

A Nightmare

P. Grossblatt.

"WILLIAM, no more pie. I am afraid you will have the nightmare as it is. No, not another piece!" So spoke Mrs. Brownwell to her eldest, a boy of ten, who, on Christmas eve, thought that he could eat without let or hindrance, as long as there was anything in sight.

"Aw, ma, can't I have one piece more? It's so good." His mother, however, remained obdurate, and so Willie had to content himself with looking longingly at the one piece that remained. At length his mother laughingly said, "William, you may have that piece. You might as well actually eat it as devour it with your eyes."

Mrs. Brownwell was thanked by a smile of gratitude, but that piece of pie was the undoing of William Brownwell, Jr.

Bedtime came, and found Willie very sleepy, because of his excessive eating. He and James, his younger brother, had planned to keep awake until Santa Claus had come and gone, and so see Santa's gifts before morning. Whispering to each other, they went up to their beds, which, as a special privilege for the night only, had been placed side by side in one room. Mrs. Brownell kissed them good-night, turned out the light, and left the room.

The boys lay awake whispering together, for what seemed to them a long, long time, but in reality, for about five minutes. Then James petulantly said, "He ain't coming to-night, Willie. We better go to sleep. If he does come, we'll hear him, and wake up." So saying, he fell asleep almost instantly. But Will was made of sterner stuff. For at least five long minutes longer, he kept a silent vigil. Then thinking to rest his eyes just *one* minute, he closed them, and silently drifted into the realms of sleep.

Will awoke, and lazily turned on his side. The cold moon shone through the clear window, and revealed to the eyes of the amazed Will two rather stout legs swinging in front of the window. They landed on the sill and stepping into the room, carried above the jolly face of St. Nicholas. Quickly Santa stepped up to the stockings hanging at the foot of the bed, and proceeded to fill them. Each lad had hung up two stockings, a fact which, it seemed, Santa Claus had not expected. Quickly he filled the two smaller stockings, placing in and beside them all the parcels he carried. Then, in an undecided manner, he looked at the empty stockings and at the open window. Having reached a decision, he made for the window. Now William sprang into action. Quickly, he leaped out of the bed, and pattered after Santa, reaching him just at the window.

"Oh, Mr. Santa Claus, don't I get anything this year?" asked Willie.

"Well, I was intending to bring you something, my lad, but I forgot. If you wish, hop into my chariot, and I'll take you to my shop. There you may pick what you want. Hop in!"

Did Willie wish to go along? Without a word, he jumped on the sill, braced himself, and leaped for the roof. So lightly did he jump, so easily did he reach the roof, that he himself was surprised, until he saw that Santa Claus had given him a lift.

Then away they went, the reindeer quickly drawing the sleigh through the air. Now they suddenly came on a busy thoroughfare. And now Willie saw a strange sight. Here and there and everywhere were sleighs drawn by reindeer. Each one contained a Santa Claus. Some, in addition, contained a boy or two, home on the same errand as himself.

They went around a corner on one runner. Now they were bumped completely out of their course by collision with a huge snowball. Now they barely escaped crashing into another sleigh. So, rushing and crashing through the air, they came at last before the door of Santa's great workshop.

Here Santa Senior, the father of that army of Santa Clauses who yearly visit children, welcomed them, and showed them from room to room. Here, in this room, Will saw sleds upon sleds, both finished sleds and sleds still in the making. Will looked and looked, and then decided to see other things before choosing a sled, for a sled he *had* to have.

Next he went into the ballroom. Baseballs, footballs, soccer balls, balls of every description filled the room. Here again Will was undecided, and again delayed choosing.

And now he entered the candy room. Here little Santas, miniature imitations of their father, were busily making and filling boxes with chocolates and caramels and suckers and all sorts of candy. In a hurry to see the next room, Will snatched up a handful of chocolates and scampered away. But alas for him! Santa Claus Senior now approached, and beckoning with his finger, said, "No more sights. Time for little boys to be in bed. Hop into the sleigh." In Will hopped, and away they went. But how they went! Now, they knew no traffic laws, for it was late, and this particular Santa Claus had to be home in thirty minutes. Whizzing through the air, rushing through desolate thoroughfares, they neared Will's home.

Suddenly, the great clock, far behind them in Santa Claus's home, rang loudly, and told them that but fifteen minutes remained. Will's com-

(*Continued on page* 61.)

"It Never Rains—"

By Ethel Gansler

"I CAN not bear to think of that poor boy receiving the news of his father's death as soon as he arrives in France. If Dick had only told his father that he had enlisted! I am sure the sick man's last hours, away out there in California, would have been much happier, if he had only known that his only son was on his way to the front."

Beth Julian was sitting musing before the fireplace talking to her room-mate, who was so absorbed in the latest novel that she hardly heard Beth's voice. Suddenly, when she realized what her friend was saying, she exclaimed: "Why, Beth, is Mr. Eversley dead?"

Beth heaved a sigh and patiently answered: "Yes, and what is more, it is rumored that he left no estate worth mentioning, so I suppose Dick is saddled with debt."

"It surely will be hard," commented Ruth, "it certainly is hard for a fellow who has been brought up in such a luxurious home to be thrown upon his own resources. It is fortunate he is in France, for he won't feel his loss so intensely."

* * * * * * *

Dick heard the sad news some weeks later. There he was "Somewhere in France," alone and no letters from home to cheer him. Surely that cold little note of condolence was not like the usual sweet letters that he had so often received from his *fiancée*. Their engagement was not formally announced, but it was to be made public as soon as both Beth and Dick had graduated from college. Of course, Dick's heart was too full to realize that, perhaps, Beth's letter was cold because she sympathized so deeply with him that she could not express her feelings in words.

The same day a letter from Mr. Eversley's lawyer came, stating that only five thousand dollars had been left. Dick knew that it would cost the greater part of that to settle the involved affairs of the estate.

You can imagine the state of mind the young man was in during the following weeks. No answers came to his daily letters to Beth. His gloom increased with each arrival of the American mail.

* * * * * * *

At last after many weeks of training and impatient waiting, the American troops saw real action. The first detachment of what the French call the "Sammies" was sent to the first line. On the first night of real service, Lieutenant Eversley led his men across No-Man's Land on a raid upon the silent German trenches. Although every precaution was taken, the band of Americans was seen from the German line. Immediately, a heavy firing began. There was nothing to do, but to run pell-mell for their own trenches.

Dick, in his zeal to help his men to safety, did not think of his own danger. He would not go into the trench until he had accounted for all his command. As the last man climbed over the top, Dick was struck by a flying piece of shrapnel.

For many days, Dick knew nothing of what was happening. When he recovered consciousness, he was in a ward full of wounded men. The little nurse in the familiar Red Cross uniform assured him that he would be ready for service again in less than a month. Dick's first words were: "Are there any letters for me?"

It was evening before the tired nurse had time to take the bundle of letters to the man who could think of nothing else. She smiled, saying: "There are so many here that I do not know where to begin. Most of them are in the same handwriting."

She opened the top letter which commenced in this way:

"I cannot understand why you have not received my letters. I have addressed them as you directed me, before you left."

At once Dick understood why he had never heard from Beth. A week after he had arrived in France he had been transferred to a different regiment, consequently his mail was long delayed.

The next letter was from Mr. Stevens, a family friend who had been most intimate with Dick's father. This letter was indeed a revelation. Here is what Dick heard:

"Dick, my boy, I have received an official notification of your bravery and subsequent injury. It is too bad that your father is not alive to share with me the delight I feel in your manliness.

"Before his death, he intrusted me with a great charge. He did not want you to be encumbered with excessive wealth before you had done something in the world to distinguish yourself. Therefore he placed in my hands almost the whole of his fortune, with the understanding that I was to give it to you as soon as you had done something that in my judgment proved your strength of character. I think that your bravery as shown at the front more than meets the requirements."

Dick would listen to no more. He sent the little nurse away to rest. Those two letters were enough to make him happy for the rest of his life. During the remainder of his stay at the hospital, the whole ward rang with merriment, in spite of pain and suffering, for youthful happiness is contagious.

Cause and Effect

By Fred Green.

JOHN BARTON, an elderly bachelor, was sitting in a cushioned arm chair in the tastefully-furnished library of his home on Fifth Avenue. From the wall the face of old Erasmus lent to the cozy place the proper atmosphere for study, while a small bronze figure of a knight in full armor was a fitting companion with which to read oneself back into the romance of the middle ages. The electric lamp on the massive mahogany table shed a soft light on the book in Barton's hand and filled the room with shadows.

The whole house was in quietness. Barton began to lose interest in his novel. The words were growing dim on the white page before his eyes. The beautiful clock in the hall slowly chimed the hour of twelve. Barton's arms settled limply upon the arms of his chair as the book gradually slipped from his hand. Soon he fell into a deep sleep.

So he sat—he knew not how long—when he was suddenly awakened by a loud crash. As he jumped to his feet a sight, that filled him with fear and horror, met his eyes. One wall had crumbled striking down his lamp and leaving a yawning gap that gave him a view of the street below. Barton rushed from the room only to fall headlong over the debris. A deep-seated fear pulled at his heart-strings, as, picking himself up, he rushed madly through the drawing room into the street. Meanwhile teriffic explosions, which lit up the darkness of the night with lightning flashes, rent the air on all sides. Despite the awful din, Barton heard above him the whir of a motor, and peering into the clouded sky he discovered darting to and fro a countless number of airplanes, messengers of death. A falling bomb reached its mark with a teriffic explosion, for the roof of the house on the opposite side of the street gave way with a crash that sent the debris flying in all directions—what had one moment before been a stately home was now a crumbling ruin.

His mind possessed of but one impulse, to rush on and on, Barton fled along the street though brick walls were toppling and shells were bursting about him.

As he stumbled onward, the pitiful groan of a human being came to his ears. Through the blackness, Barton perceived a form lying in the gutter. But the groan was the last sound from a man dying from a ghastly wound.

As he knelt beside the dead man, questions surged into Barton's frenzied brain. He asked himself the meaning of this ruin, this slaughter. Why should a city, peacefully sleeping, be awakened in this cruel manner? Why should quiet homes be crumbling into ruins and mutilated human beings be lying about the streets? The awful truth that the enemy from across the sea was raiding the city from the air came to his mind like a staggering blow. Above the shrieking of the bombs about him, Barton could hear the more remote booming of heavy guns, which like peals of thunder, seemed to come from the south. The enemy's fleet which had carried on the decks of its dreadnaughts these raiding aeroplanes, must be bombarding New York, he thought. Though the United States had not been attacked on its own shores by a foreign enemy since the War of 1812, such a thing was now happening.

With such thoughts oppressing his mind, Barton arose from the side of the dead man, and doggedly made his way along the street. On all sides the city was in flames that tinged the sky with red—the incendiary bombs had done their work well.

Barton found at length that his aimless wandering had brought him to the Flatiron Building, at the junction of Fifth Avenue and Broadway. As he looked up Broadway, he noticed that the whole sky line seemed altered. Where brilliant electric signs had flashed their message to the public on previous nights, all was now dark. Only here and there a building was standing intact, the others had all in some way been affected by the rain of explosives.

A taxi, seeking to escape the bombs, which fell like hail, sped by him. In a twinkling a missile of destruction exploded nearby, shattering the vehicle and bringing the wretched occupants to a quick and untimely end.

His senses numbed by the horror of it all, Barton continued down Broadway, escaping death at every turn.

The old man found himself in the vicinity of the General Post Office, when with a deafening roar and a trembling of the earth, the Woolworth tower, torn by a mighty shell, toppled to the ground below in a huge heap of tangled steel and concrete.

Barton, who had been thrown to the earth by this concussion, clambered to his feet, and rushed forward down Broadway mid the same scenes of destruction. After twenty minutes he found himself at the Battery, where New York Bay spread itself out in panorama before him. As he gazed, a sight that struck horror to his mind, and bitterness to his soul, met his burning eyes. Aeroplanes were swooping over the bay scattering destruction far and near. The Statue of Liberty was a crumbling heap of ruins.

As Barton stood transfixed, above the din he heard at regular intervals the splash of oars. Peering down at the dark waters, Barton saw a

(*Continued on page* 57.)

The Red-Headed Vamp

By Grace Thompson.

I HAVE decided to make a full confession of the way I happened to go to the Sigma New Year's Eve dance with Fred Dalton. In doing this I will be killing two birds with one stone. I'll be easing the qualms of my Puritan conscience, and I'll be writing a story.

My last two stories were returned with "Rewrite" written across them in bold blue pencil.

"Be original and natural," the blue pencil continued, "but be sure to write about something within your own ken. Leave the war stories to older and more serious people."

That phrase, "be original," appealed to me. I'd write something entirely different. Now, most stories have a moral—this story hasn't any, unless it's a bad one. In all stories the hero and heroine triumph over the villain and the vampire, but in this case my brother Dan and I playing the villain and the vamp, got the best of Lucy and Fred Dalton. Only, whoever heard of a red-headed villain? Dan's is brick red. Again, there isn't any climax to this story—only an anti-climax when Lucy and Fred find out the way we fooled them. But to my story.

The time that this all happened was just two days before the birth of the New Year—1918. The place—in the home of my father, Donald Paxton, Newark, N. J. The characters were my elder and patronizing sister Lucy, her roommate, Peg Oliphant—her attentive friend, Fred Dalton, whom Dan calls a "fairy." Dan who is seventeen, and a little bit cocky, but a good sport, and last but not least, little; me who am not quite sixteen, but look eighteen with my hair up.

It was a rainy afternoon two days before the big dance when my sister Lucy dealt me the killing blow, so to speak. She came into my room with a box of candy in one hand, and a letter in the other. I knew the minute I saw the candy that the interview would be unpleasant. That may sound strange to you, patient reader, but then you don't know my sister Lucy. She hasn't any tact at all; just because she is eighteen, and I'm only fifteen she thinks she can bribe me as one would a mere baby. The last time she wanted to borrow my silver slippers and she stretched them badly. I could see that it was more important this time because it was a five-pound box of Page & Shaw's—her favorite chocolates—and mine, too. Trying not to notice the candy, I eyed her coldly, and inquired, "What will you have now?"

"Do me a favor, Puss," she said. That was another instance of Lucy's tactlessness. She ought to know that I hate being called "Puss"—why, I'm not in the least kittenish, my hair is nearly as red as Dan's. Just imagine a red-headed cat!

Concealing my annoyance, I replied in a business-like tone, "Do I get them all, or only half?"

"Every last one of them, if you'll be an angel."

When she said this, I knew I was in for a tussle. Lucy wasn't giving away a five-pound box of Page & Shaw's for any small matter—but even then I wasn't prepared for the blow that was to follow.

"Puss," she began again, nervously, "I've just had the nicest letter from Peg. She'll arrive here to-morrow, and she says she is awfully excited about the New Year's dance. In fact, she seems so delighted and pleased that I—that I—"

"Go on," I said sternly, scenting trouble.

"Well, I've decided that I just can't let her go with the kid, as we'd planned. He is so young and silly. So I've changed the plans a little. Fred will take Peg, and you will be an angel and go with your brother."

"Not for fifty pounds of your old candy!" I shouted angrily, "would I be a red-headed angel and go with my red-headed brother to my first formal dance? I should say not, when I had been planning for months to go with Fred. Why, I'd told all the girls, and they were *so* envious because he is the best dancer in town, and awfully good-looking—even if he does know it and is conceited about it. Just imagine my feelings after telling everyone that I was going with him—and then appear at the dance with my brother! Impossible. I never could!"

All this I tried to explain to Lucy, but she was in one of her stubborn humors, and wouldn't listen to reason.

"It's all arranged," she said freezingly. She always got cold when I was at my hottest. "I called up Fred, and he is delighted. Besides mother thinks it is best for you two kids to go together."

"Oh, so Fred was delighted, was he?" It didn't take much to please Fred—just the three years difference in our ages—aren't boys fickle, and he's never even seen her!

After arguing with me until we were both breathless, Lucy left me with the information that I was a stupid, selfish little beast; but that it didn't matter anyway, because in this case she'd have her own way. Of course, she would if I kept on raving in this manner. The thing for me to do was to calm down and use diplomacy.

Toward dinnertime, I had cooled off considerably, but I guess I still looked pretty sulky, because when Dan came in he started to tease me.

"We girls do have our troubles," he kept saying over and over, until I couldn't stand it any longer and just blurted out the whole story. Then it was his turn to look peeved. You should

have seen his face when I told him that Lucy said he was too young and silly to take Peg. I just rubbed it in all I could.

"Your young friend the 'fairy' will take Peg and you'll have to go with me I taunted."

What he said then wasn't very complimentary to me, but I didn't mind because I could see that he was determined to take Peg himself.

"I'll be hanged if we don't manage somehow," he muttered, and manage we did—how well you will see by reading this extract from my sister Lucy's diary, which I managed to get hold of for a moment.

* * * * *

Peg arrived to-day amid much excitement. I was greatly worried for fear Puss would be troublesome about the dance but she seemed to have taken it sensibly and calmed down. But to-night the strangest thing happened, I had asked a few people in to meet Peg, and of course Fred came over. Well, I had planned that those two would immediately develop quite a "crush," because they are both so attractive, but from the very beginning they acted too funny for anything. When I introduced them Fred who is usually the best mannered of boys, simply shouted:

"Glad to meet you," and then he got fiery red.

But that isn't all, imagine my amazement when Peg instead of replying in her usually well modulated voice replied in a shrill crescendo:

"How do you do, Mr. Dalton?"

Everyone looked up in surprise and Peg and Fred got awfully fussed. It was the same way all evening; they are both good dancers but they danced terribly together. Everytime they'd speak to each other they'd simply shriek. If they had been trying to be funny it wouldn't have been so bad, but it was easy to see that they were both terribly embarrassed. Finally it got so bad that they actually dodged each other. Before the evening was half over Peg came to me and said that if it didn't really matter to us she'd a little rather go to the dance with the 'kid.'

"Your brother is such a nice kid," she added, "and this Fred Dalton, isn't he a little queer, or something?" Imagine that!

I promised her that she could go with the kid if she wanted to. Soon after that Fred came up and hinted around; he seemed so uncomfortable that I finally told him that he could go with Puss if he wanted to. He just gasped with relief. Truly, I don't understand it.

* * * * *

So that is what Lucy thought of the whole thing and that's all of my story, except that I went to the dance with Fred and had a scrumptious time.

But, now for the confession, so to speak. The way we managed was really so silly and childlike that I hate dreadfully to confess it, but here goes:

Dan told Fred in an off-hand, casual way that Peg was very deaf and a little eccentric, and I, wretch that I am, told the very same thing to Peg about Fred. Of course, they were awful whoppers, but the result was funny.

There, its all out, and my story is finished. I've tried to stick to directions, it surely is original and within my ken, but I have an awful feeling that the blue pencil will write *"Silly, Frothy"* across the top.

ALMA MATER. ET ALMUS PATER

THE ACROPOLIS

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NEWARK, N. J., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1917.

ALMA MATER, FAREWELL!

We are finishing the last quarter of a hard fought game! To many of us, it has been a struggle indeed. But then, nothing is worth having that isn't worth working for. The time draws near when we shall be launched into the world, and then—what? Some of us will be found in the colleges, upholding the renowned Barringer standard of scholarship and athletics. Others will be engaged in business, making practical use of that store of knowledge, which percolated into our brains during the last four years.

But whether it be college or business, we shall never forget the patience and kindness of our teachers and our pleasant time in Barringer. It is only now, as we are about to leave this school, that we realize just what our Alma Mater means to us. You, who remain in this school, we advise to profit by our experience, and get the best out of Barringer before it is too late. But we have nothing to complain of. Although we have missed much, and let slip many splendid opportunities, Barringer has given us a splendid time. And so, studes, beloved faculty, Alma Mater, farewell!

VENIT HORA.

It is only a few weeks before the class of January, 1918, will say farewell forever to Barringer; and as the time draws near, we begin to feel a new love and reverence for the old school, and a new spirit of gratefulness for all that has been done for us here. Although the wide future before us beckons and calls it is with deep regret that we leave these halls and these rooms that have been so much a part of our lives, and in which we have day by day laid the foundations of all that is to come.

"We know not what the future hath of pleasure or surprise"—but we do know that Mr. Stearns, by his fine example, has shown us what a truly worth while life should be; that our

teachers have been the very best of friends to us, and have given us far more than mere book knowledge; and that Mr. Milwitzky's wise counsel and advice have made it possible for our class to enjoy many happy, unforgetable hours of fun and companionship. And so we thank them all with the sincere hope that our friendship shall not cease with graduation.

COMMON SENSE.

What is common sense? Common sense consists in saying and doing the right thing at the right time, according to the circumstances. Have we ever stopped to realize how much common sense we use—or how *little?* At any rate *we* have come to the conclusion that common sense is not so common as the name infers.

It is interesting to note how much common sense is used by the pupils of Barringer. How often we have witnessed one of our most able students in the classroom, fail miserably on something which necessitates the use of his own resources! Let us take, for example, our class meetings. Many times we have listened, in mental anguish, to the wild and absurd schemes of enterprising members of our class organization! We have listened to so many plans, devoid of all common sense, proposed by high school students of average intelligence, that we have been forced to come to the conclusion that they proceed according to the maxim: "Act in haste, repent at leisure."

Why is this true? Why does the high school student of average intelligence fall down on a problem for which he must use his own resources? He has brains, but he doesn't know how to use them! He studies hard at home, comes to school, recites his lesson perfectly, and gets his marks. If a teacher should present his own view on a subject, and should ask the scholar if he agreed, invariably the pupil would reply that he did! For what reason? None other than that the scholar says to himself, "The teacher must be right, and besides, it would not be wise to disagree with a member of the faculty." Such a pupil doesn't do any thinking for himself! He lets the teacher, or his text books do it for him. Let him remember that he will not have text books to do his thinking for him, when he goes out in the world! Furthermore, the faculty will think more of him, if he gets up and gives a straightforward, clear statement of his views on a subject, even though contrary to their own opinions, than they will of he sits idly by, and meekly agrees to everything they say.

How can one expect to be able to battle with the ordinary problems of life, if he does not teach his brain to think independently? When he gets out in this busy world he will have to use the brain God gave him and if he does not attempt to make use of his brains in school to a greater extent in the future than many have done in the past, he will be pushing pens for the rest of his life for about twelve dollars a week.

To be sure, read magazines, books, and the newspapers, but read them not only for pleasure, but for profit. If some noted personage writes an article for a magazine, giving his opinion on a certain topic, that does not necessarily mean that the reader of the article must calmly accept every statement of the writer as true, because he says so. Then, when one is confronted by a problem, demanding immediate attention, a trained mind will respond with a way out of the difficulty.

Let us remember that common sense is the same in all countries, and that the trained mind acts quickly; then, perhaps, we can be of some use in this world, as were the "others" in the following poem:

When drowning men for aid implore,
Some people run along the shore,
And weep, and pray, and hope.
Till others, with same *common sense,*
Come like a blessed Providence—
And throw a saving rope!

DOING ONE'S BEST.

Have you ever stopped to think how often you have done only what you have been told to do rather than take the initiative and add to your work? If in school you go only as far as the prescription carries you, you are going to do the same in the business, social, and political world. Is not an employer better pleased and more satisfied with an employe who is willing to do more than his prescribed duties? It is the way of taking the ambitious and interested initiative in the world that will get one anywhere on the ladder of success.

What you do is not always your best. With a little more work, and interest in your duty your results will be more satisfactory and thus more profitable. This does not mean, of course, that you should be the "goat" for your fellow workers in the world, but in so far as you take the lead are you going to succeed in business, society and politics.

Therefore, go ahead and do your best, and let your best mean the most that you can possibly do. Then you are sure of the best regards of your employer, teacher and friend, for your success.

SCHOOL SPIRIT.

School spirit! Have we ever stopped to consider just what that term means? It is one of those things of which much is heard, but little seen. We do not doubt for a moment that all of us possess it—to a certain extent. But we must show our school spirit if others are to know that we have it. To many of us it is a mere abstract term. To others, it implies simply attending football games and standing up for Barringer against all comers. This is certainly a more commendable attitude than the first. But

to us, it seems that school spirit is more than an abstract term, more than school enthusiasm—it is the spirit of loyalty and honor. Besides supporting the athletic teams, it involves careful and deligent application to study, compliance with the wishes of the faculty, and last, but not least, it involves getting busy and trying out for the school organizations. Backwardness in this respect is not always due to lack of sc[illegible]it, it is due to laziness and diffidence. [illegible]gh of us become indolent, school spirit will [illegible]ly die out. This is a state of affairs we must not let Barringer drift into. If everyone in the school goes out for something, and more than that, goes hard, the danger is over. Brace up, and let each of us make it his business to attend every football game, to try out for something, and to buy the ACROPOLIS every month, and to do each day an honest day's work in his studies!

THE NEWARK STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Barringer is very well represented at the Newark State Normal School. There are over ninety graduates at that institution, this number being fairly equally divided among the four classes. This means that more than twenty from each of the last four classes have entered that school. So many Barringerites go to Normal School that it might be well to tell about the activities there.

The location of the training school for teachers is well known. The course is two years. The first year is spent at the school in the study of academics and theory work necessary to teachers. The second year is divided. Half of each semester in the senior year is spent in theory work at the school while the other half is spent in the different schools of the state, practice teaching, so that the students may see the theory put into practical use. Upon graduation the student is qualified to teach anywhere in the state.

The motto, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is revered at the Normal School, and provision is made for diversion. Chief of such activities are boys' and girls' athletics. The girls have organized an interclass basketball league, and are competing for the championship of the school, which carries with it a cup to be presented by Principal Willis. Basketball is popular with the boys also. In spite of this all members (there are now about forty boys, the greatest number ever in the school at one time) the boys have a basketball team, which is out to make a name for itself. They have also an interclass league in which the male faculty has been induced to enroll a team. Between study and other activities the time passes very quickly.

There is an impression that the Newark State Normal School is restricted to people residing in Newark. This is a mistake. It is a state institution open to all residents of New Jersey, and at present there are fourteen counties of this state represented at the school.

HONOR ROLL.

4A Room 31. Ethel Gansler, Fred Green, Louis Kanengieser, Frank Liebe, Walter Weinberg, Wm. Cohan.
Room 65. SANFORD GREGORY, Rose Nussbaum, Dorothea Schiffmayer, Eleanor Weber.

4B Room 26. Marguerite Schleuter.
Room 32. Dorothy Gorham.
Room 56. Morris Berg, Joseph Crecca.
Room 61. Evelyn Gardner, Lois Milles, Grace Vogt.

3A Room 35 J. Murray Duguid, Wm. Fleischfarb, Edith Miller.
Room 36. Jean Judson.
Room 41. Edmund Cox.
Room 66. Dorothy Prell, Elsie Steinmetz, Tom Savage.

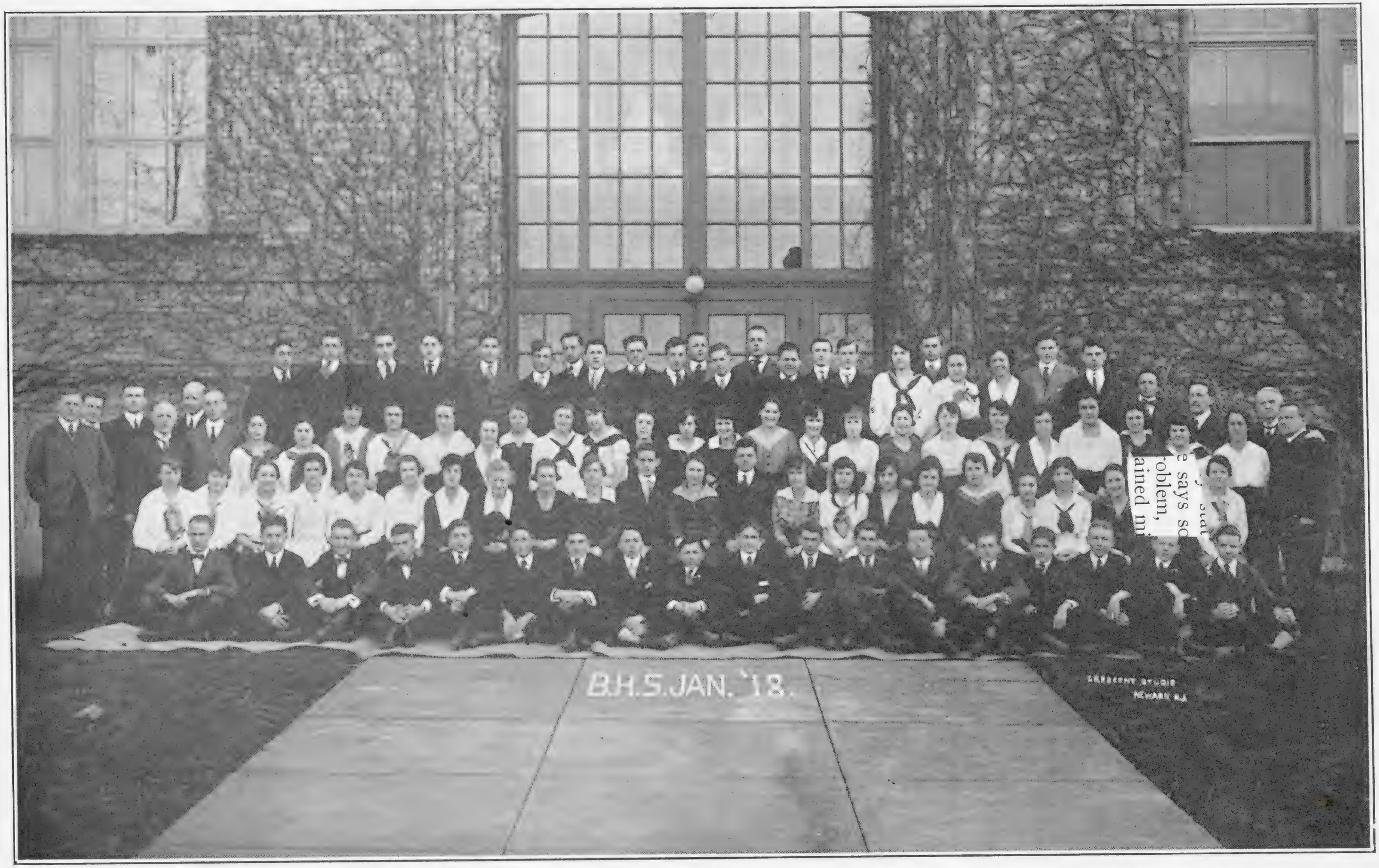
3B Room 51. Elizabeth Bolland, Wilbur Schinkel.
Room 55. Garrett Stearly.
Room 63. Arthur Raymond.

2A Room 33. Charles Benvor.
Room 35. Marguerite Rusby.
Room 57. Montfort Dill.
Room 59. Clara Muller, Frances Gordinier, Florentine Jauss, Mildred Schleuter,

2B Room 42. Eda Ahr, Gertrude Meister, Celia Nolbert, Matilda Strasburger, Marion Thompson.
Room 43. Isabel Cary, Lucile Jessurun, Helen Sickel, Melvin Jackley, Walter Scott.
Room 45. Fanny Jones, Mary Meeker, Kathryn Wicks, Saul Jacobson, Philip Nohemie, Walter Schroeder.
Room 67. Anna DeHart, Louise Durand, John Cairns, Sherman Corwin.
Room 85. Lucy Gerard.

1A Room 60. Helen Alcott, Arline Allsop, Doris Lindsay, Dorothy Stone, Louise Urquhart, Elizabeth Wehner.
Room 69. Florence Meyerson, Helen Poppke, Mary Rudnitzsky, Mabel Scherwin, Emily Schapiro, Helen Walsh.
Room 75. Charles Coddock, Harry Haussling, Lewis Kuhnle, Clifford Mauser, Ethel Carter.
Room 83. Emelie Eckel.
Room 86. Irving Bortnicker.

1B Room 38. Gertrude Horner.
Room 39. Mildred Morgan.
Room 76. Laura Stevens, Grace Gaven.
Room 81. Helen Finn, Frances Kolodin, Dorothy McCance, Blanche Nixon, Margarita Slater, Irene Murphy.
Room 87. Mary Margaret Barr, Stuart Blodgett, Constance Carpenter, Margaret Kohn, Jennie Muchmore.
Room 91. Fred Frost.
92. Goudolfo Rizzo, Helen Stone.
Room 95. Annie Dillingham, Catherine Williams.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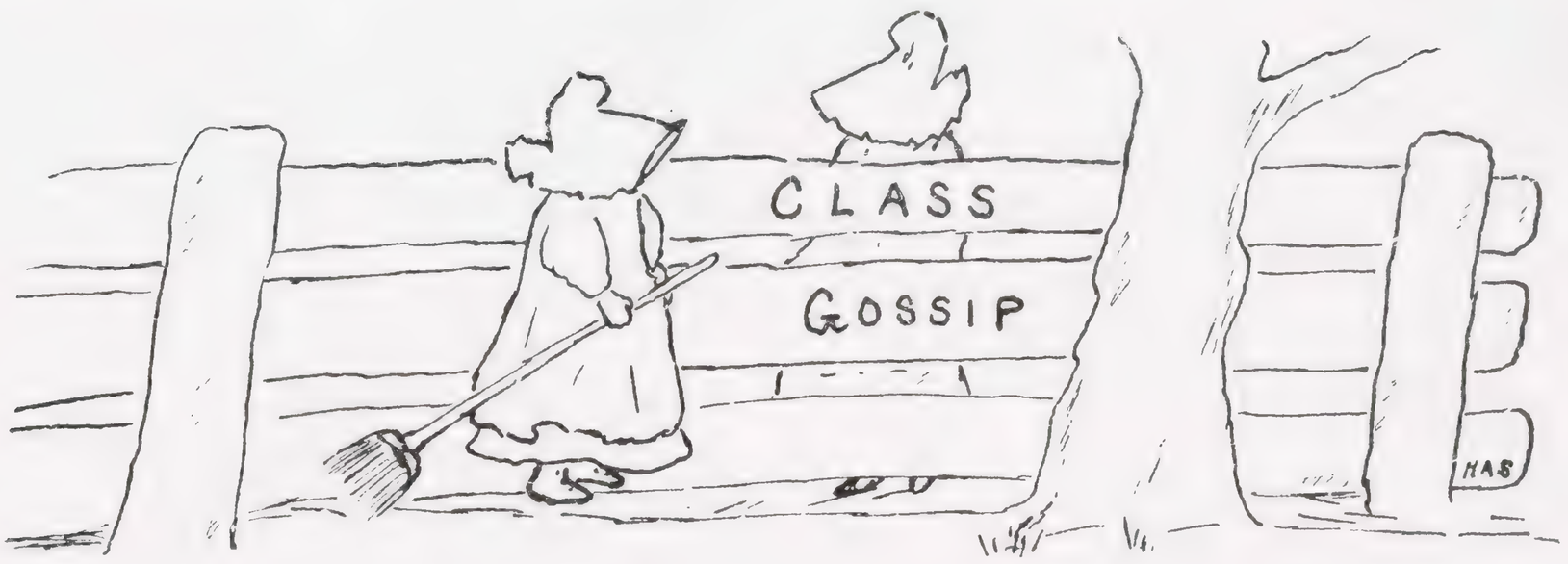

ANTZ, EMMA — GENERAL GERMAN

273 Parker Street. Post Graduate.

"Anything that is worth doing,
Is worth doing well."

ACROPOLIS, '16, '17; Rostrum, '16, '17; Chairman Program Committee; 4B Sociable Committee; Senior Flower Committee; 1B Reception Committee; Associate Editor Senior ACROPOLIS; Completed course in three and one-half years.

* * *

BARDSLEY, MARION — GENERAL FRENCH.

755 Highland Ave. Undecided.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence.

4A Flower Committee; Manager Swimming team, Basketball, '14, '15, '16; Gym. Exhibit, '14, '16; Gym. Captain, Sr. ACROPOLIS; Picture Committee, Phi Sigma Tau.

* * *

BASS, GERTRUDE — GENERAL GERMAN

38 Belleville Ave. Secretarial Course.

"My mind to me a kingdom is
Such present joys therein I find."

Surgical Dressings; Girls' Patriotic League; German Club; Gym. Captain; Science Club; Glee Club.

* * *

BEARDER, MILDRED — GENERAL GERMAN

30 Halstead St. Normal.

"Yet will she blush there be it said
To hear her secrets so betrayed."

Glee Club; Science Club; Mandolin Club; Sr. ACROPOLIS.

* * *

BENJAMIN, HAROLD — C. P. GERMAN.

209 Third Street. Business.

"Gentle of speech, beneficient of mind."

German Club; Science Club; Red Cross; Sr. ACROPOLIS.

* * *

BERRY, JAMES RAYMOND — C. P. GERMAN.

205 Lincoln Ave. Cornell.

"He hath wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety."

A. A., Prize Speaking Contest, '17; Glee Club; Science Club; German Club; Cross Country, '17; Thalians; Red Cross.

BEUCKE, FRANCES O. — C. P. FRENCH.

21 South Twelfth Street. Undecided.

"She has beauty, but still you must keep your heart cool;
She has wit, but you mustn't be caught so;
Thus Reason advises, but Reason's a fool;
And 'tis not the first time I have thought so."

French Club; Red Cross; Thalian; Executive Committee of French Club, '17; Class Day Committee.

* * *

BRADLEY, AGNES — GENERAL LATIN.

92 South Tenth St. Normal.

"True as the needle to the pole.
Or as the dial to the sun."

Sr. ACROPOLIS, Hockey, '14, '17; Basketball, '14, '15; Refreshment Committee, 4B Gym.; Exhibit, '14, '16; Tennis, '15, '16.

* * *

BRADLEY, RACHEL — GENERAL LATIN.

92 South Tenth St. Normal.

"Art is Power."

Thalians; Tennis Refreshment Committee, 4B; Glee Club; Sr. ACROPOLIS, G. P. L. Surgical Dressings.

* * *

BROWNING, WILLIAM DOUGLAS; GENERAL LATIN

153 No. 3rd Street. Boston Tech.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Baseball, '16, '17; German Club, '16; Science Club, '16; Red Cross.

* * *

BURKART, PEARL — GENERAL GERMAN

322 South Eleventh St. Normal.

"A rosebud set with willful thorns."

German Club; Glee Club; Orchestra, '17; Girls' Patriotic League; Surgical Dressings; Sr. ACROPOLIS; Completed course in three and one-half years.

* * *

BURN, MARIE — GENERAL

26 North Broad St. Secretarial School.

"Conscience is harder than our enemies
Knows more and accuses with more nicety."

COHAN, WILLIAM — C. P. GERMAN.
26 Jones Street. Potter's Field.
"He's a sure card."
Glee Club, 3A, 4B, 4A; Mathematic Club, 4B; German Club, 4B, 4A; A. A., 4A; Red Cross.

* * *

CORWIN, THOMAS — GENERAL FRENCH.
112 Lincoln Ave. Stevens.
"Life is not so short but that there's always time for courtesy."
French Club Alpha Sigma.

* * *

COVELLO, KATHERINE — GENERAL FRENCH.
674 North Sixth St. Normal.
"In Friendship I early was taught to believe."
French Club; Italian Club; Glee Club.

* * *

CURRY, MILDRED — GENERAL LATIN.
103 Oraton St.
"More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us."

* * *

DUNCAN, DOROTHY — C. P. FRENCH.
435 Seventh Avenue. Savages.
"She was active, stirring, all aglow."
French Club; Science Club; ACROPOLIS, '17; Basket-ball, '13; Hockey, '17; Red Cross.

* * *

DUNN, ALFRED — GENERAL GERMAN.
705 Clifton Ave. Business.
"They saw the manners in the face."
Glee Club; Science Club; A. A.; German Club; Red Cross.

* * *

FITZGERALD, ELOISE — GENERAL FRENCH
217 North Seventh St.
"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

* * *

FLANDERS, WILLIAM CHARLES — C. P. FRENCH.
916 Lake Street. West Point
"Happy am I; from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me."
French Club; Sr. ACROPOLIS; Baseball Squad, '17; Swimming Manager, '17, '18; Sociable Committee 3A; 1B Reception Committee; Red Cross; Delta Pi.

* * *

FOSTER, OLIVE — GENERAL LATIN.
152 Summer Ave. Normal.
"I'm sure care's an enemy."
Science Club.

* * *

GANSLEX, ETHEL F. — C. P. FRENCH.
36 N. 5th St. Damrosch "Instit. of Musical Art."
"There was music all about us."
Thalians; French Club; Chairman Class Song Comm.; Thalian Pianist, '17; Vice-Pres. Jewish Literary Society, '16; Secretary Jewish Literary Society, '15; Sr. ACROPOLIS; Alliance Francaise,; Pianist 1B Reception, Red Cross.

GOLDBERG, MEYER — GENERAL LATIN.
53 Wallace St. Business.
"Wise to resolve, impatient to perform."
Thalians; "Tradesman Turned Gentleman, '16"; Science Club.

* * *

GORDON, HELEN — C. P. GERMAN.
158 Bergen Street. College.
"All that's fair by love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee."
Freshman Basketball; Cappachini Art Club; Acropolis Representative of German Club, 4B; Vice-Pres. Rostrum, 4B; Nomination Comm. 3A; Sociable Comm., 3A, 4B; Music Comm. 4A; Sr. ACROPOLIS; Red Cross.

* * *

GREEN, FRED — C. P. GERMAN.
142 Hunterdon Street. Rutgers.
"He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale."
Vice-President Science Club, '17; ACROPOLIS representative of German Club, '17; Glee Club, '17; Chairman Literature Dept. Sr. ACROPOLIS. Completed course in 3½ years.

* * *

GREGORY, SANFORD — GENERAL FRENCH.
366 Seventh Ave. West Point.
"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."
Football, '14, '15, '16, '17; Swimming, '16, '17; Baseball, '17; Track, '15, '16, '17; French Club; Wrestling, '15; Treasurer A. A., '16, '17; Vice-President A. A., '17, '18; ACROPOLIS, '15, '16, '17; Treasurer, Senior Class; Chairman Ring and Pin Committee; Theta Phi, Clock Golf, '17.

* * *

GROSSBLATT, PHILIP — C. P. GERMAN.
34 Beacon Street. N. Y. U.
"There was a little man, and he had a little soul;
And he said, Little Soul, let us try! try! try!
Glee Club, '17; German Club, '17; Rostrum, '17; Sr. ACROPOLIS, '17; Prize Essayist, '17; A. A.; Mathematics Club, '16; Red Cross. Completed course in 3½ years.

* * *

HALLOCK, MARY — GENERAL FRENCH.
137 Heller Parkway. Undecided.
"High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy."

* * *

HAMMOND, LUCILLE — GENERAL GERMAN.
719 Mt. Prospect Ave. Undecided.
"The cautious seldom err."
German Club; Science Club; Gym. Exhibit, '16; Secretary of Class 4B and 4A.

* * *

HOWE, CAROLINE — COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH.
448 Springfield Ave. St. Barnabas' Hospital
"Patience, and shuffle the cards."
French Club; Red Cross; Girls Patriotic League.

HUSK, MIRIAM — GENERAL FRENCH

492 Summer Ave. Normal.

"Plain truth needs no flowers of speech."

Gym. Captain, '15, '16, '17; Hockey, '17; G. P. L.; Refreshment Committee 4B; Gym. Exhibit, '16.

* * *

IDLER, IRVING GIBSON — C. P. COURSE.

61 West End Ave. Wesleyan and Harvard U.

"Earth sounds my wisdom, and high heaven my fame."

Track, '15; Cross-Country, '15; Prize Speaking Contest, '16, '17; ACROPOLIS, '16, '17, '18; Editor-in-Chief, '16, '17; Student Advisor '17, '18; Delegate to N. J. Editor's League, '16, '17, '18; President, '17; Rostrum, '16, '17, '18; Picture Comm.; Thalian, '17, '18; A. A.

* * *

JACOBS, DOROTHY — GENERAL GERMAN.

19 South Center St. Columbia.

"The heart is wiser than the intellect."

Glee Club; German Club.

* * *

KANENGIESER, LOUIS — C. P. GERMAN.

88 Newton Street. N. Y. U.

3 Na OH+Kanengieser=3 Na $C_{18}H_{35}O_2$ $+C_3H_5(OH)_3$, or 10 in Chem.

1B Reception Comm.; Class Day Comm.; Pres. German Club, '17; Sr. ACROPOLIS; Science Club; Rostrum; Thalians—"Grengoive," '17; Glee Club; A. A.; 1st Liberty Loan Drive; Red Cross.

* * *

KEATING, HAROLD — GENERAL

58 Eliot Street. Army.

"There's a brave fellow
There's a man of pluck."

Debating Club; Pres. Rostrum Industrial Army; Treasurer 4B Class; Delta Phi.

* * *

KELLNER, CHARLES B. — C. P. FRENCH.

380 South Eleventh Street. Cornell.

"Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it."

French Club; Glee Club; Discussion Club; ACROPOLIS, '17; Associate Editor Sr. ACROPOLIS, '18; Class Music Comm.; Class Picture Comm. Alpha Sigma.

* * *

KOSCHES, MORRIS — C. P. GERMAN.

U. S. Naval Academy.

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep."

Glee Club, '16, '17; Thalians, '17; German Club, '17; Cheer leader, '17; Asst. Manager of Football, '17; Hadyn's Creation; A. A., '13, '14, '15, '16, '17; Mathematic Club, '16; Rostrum, '16; Red Cross.

KNIPE, RUTH CLARK — C. P. GERMAN.

135 Wakeman Ave. Presbyterian Hospital.

"If a good face is a recommendation,
A good heart is a letter of credit."

Sec. Class Organization, 3B; Vice-President, 3A; Freshman Basketball; German Club; ACROPOLIS, '17; Sr. ACROPOLIS; 1B Social Comm.; Gym. Capt, '17; Red Cross.

* * *

LEAVITT, JOSEPH D. — C. P. FRENCH.

44 Sterling Street. College.

"Plough deep, while sluggards sleep."

French Club; Glee Club; Rostrum; Class Day Comm.; Business Mgr. Sr. ACROPOLIS; A. A.; Jr. Industrial Army; Math. Club; Red Cross.

* * *

LEIBE, FRANK A. — C. P. GERMAN.

117 Third Ave. Stevens.

"Good sense which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.

Glee Club; Science Club; Program Comm.; Science Club, '17; Radio Club, '17; German Club; Sr. ACROPOLIS; Math. Club, '16.

* * *

LOWENGRUB, ALEXANDER — C. P. GERMAN.

307 Springfield Ave. Business.

"Much of a muchness."

Glee Club, '17; German Club, '17; Mathematic Club, '17; Business Mgr. Sr. ACROPOLIS.

* * *

MACARTHUR, ELIZABETH — C. P. FRENCH.

Wellesley.

"I have a heart with room for every joy."

* * *

MAPLETOFT, ROBERT SMITH — C. P. GERMAN.

286 Clifton Ave. Princeton.

"Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind."

A. A.; Glee Club; German Club; Science Club; Sr. ACROPOLIS; First Liberty Loan Drive; Red Cross.

* * *

MATONTI, FELIX — C. P. FRENCH.

107 Seventh Ave. Business.

"Much may be said on both sides."

French Club; Italian Club; Liberty Loan Drive; Red Cross.

* * *

MCCUTCHEON, JAMES — C. P. GERMAN.

278 Verona Ave. Rutgers.

"All nature wears one universal grin."

German Club; Science Club; Basketball, '15; Wrestling, '16; Red Cross.

* * *

MCGRATH, AGNES M. C.

COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH.

137 Pennsylvanie Ave. Undecided.

"Such sober certainty is waking bliss."

French Club; Cappachine Club; Gym. Exhibit '16.

NEWSOME, MILTON — GENERAL GERMAN.
697 Mt. Prospect Ave. New York University.
"His smile was like a rainbow flashing from a misty sky."
Orchestra, '15, '16, '17; Junior Industrial Army; German Club; A. A.

* * *

NUSSBAUM, ROSE — GENERAL LATIN.
165 Clifton Ave. Secretarial School.
"The conscious utterance of thought by speech or action to any end is art."
Vice-President Glee Club; Secretary of Thalians; Science Club; Hockey, '17; ACROPOLIS; Sr. ACROPOLIS; Girls' Patriotic League; Surgical Dressings, Gym. Captain; Gym. Exhibit, '16.

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NUTTY, JEANETTE — GENERAL GERMAN.
135 South Eleventh St. Business College.
"Wit now and then struck smartly shows a spark."
Science Club; German Club; Sigma Tau Alpha.

* * *

OWENS, IRENE — GENERAL GERMAN.
52 North Fourth St. Normal
"That which before us lies in daily life.
Is the Prime Wisdom."
German Club; Glee Club, '16, '17.

* * *

PATON, ALEXANDER — GENERAL FRENCH.
78 Fourth Avenue. College.
"There is a gift beyond the reach of art, of being eloquently silent."
French Club; Science Club; Mathematics Club; Science Club; Boys' Industrial Army.

* * *

PENNINGTON, VIRGIL, JR. — COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH.
78 South Eleventh St. Stevens.
"How pure in heart and sound in head."
Editor-in-Chief of Senior ACROPOLIS; ACROPOLIS Board; Pres. of Mathematics Club; Vice-President of Radio Club; Treasurer of Class, '17; Treasurer of Rostrum; Thalians; Chairman Program Committee of Science Club; French Club; Glee Club; Reception Committee, '16; A. A.

* * *

PETERS, EDWARD — C. P. FRENCH.
335 Camden St. N. Y. U.
"I am sober as a judge."
French Club; Science Club.

* * *

PUCILLO, JOHN — C. P. FRENCH.
16 Sixth Ave. West Point.
"'Tis excellent to have a giant's strength."
Baseball Team, '14, '15, '16, '17; Capt. Baseball Team, '17; French Club, '15, '16, '17; Pres. Science Club, '17; Pres. Italian Club, '15, '16, '17; Wrestling Tournament, '16; Iota Upsilon Kappa.

RAUCH, GERTRUDE — GENERAL GERMAN.
57 Isabella Ave. Secretarial Course.
"Be to her virtues very kind
Be to her faults a little blind."
German Club; Science Club; Sr. ACROPOLIS.

* * *

RIKER, WILBUR — C. P. GERMAN.
197 Dickerson St. Brown U., Rochester-Semin.
"Stately and tall he moves in the hall;
The chief of a thousand for grace."
Glee Club; German Club; Rostrum; Science Club; Prize Speaking Contest; Football; Red Cross; Delta Pi.

* * *

RIZZOLO, GERALD — GENERAL FRENCH
148 Mt. Prospect Ave. U. S. Engineering Dept.
"Let us be seen by our deeds."
Italian Club; French Club, A. A.; Baseball, '15, '16, '17.

* * *

ROWE, CELENA — C. P. FRENCH.
111 Parker St. Normal.
"And so on, to the end of the chapter."
Thalians; French Circle; Alliance Francaise; Capuchenne; Red Cross; Surgical Dressings; G. P. L.; Sr. ACROPOLIS; Chairman Door Comm.; French Sociable, '16; Reception Comm. French Sociable, '17; Chairman 4B Sociable Comm.; Reception Comm. 1B Sociable; Chairman Executive Comm. Thalians, '16, '17; Prize Speaking Contest, '17; Honorable Mention Prize History Essay, '17; "Tradesman Turned Gentleman," '16; "Faraway Princess," '17; "Generous Grouch," '17.

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RUDD, DOROTHY MARION — GENERAL GERMAN.
296 Fourth St. Normal
"Wit is the flower of imagination."
Senior ACROPOLIS; Gym. Club; Glee Captain, '14,'15; Gym. Exhibit Class Day Com.; German Club; Swimming Team, '16.

* * *

SALANDRA, FELICIA — GENERAL GERMAN.
21 Crane Street. Normal
"To know her is to love her."
Glee Club; German Club; Completed course in three and one-half years.

* * *

SAMUEL, JEROME HOWARD — C. P. GERMAN.
107 Clinton Ave. Columbia.
"Variety is the spice of life."
ACROPOLIS Agent, '16, '17; ACROPOLIS Board, '17; Sr. ACROPOLIS; Track, '15; German Club; Thalians; Science Club; A. A.; Class Day Comm.; Class Colors Comm.; Asst. Football Mgr., '17; Red Cross; Mu Sigma.

* * *

SCHIFFMAYER, DOROTHEA — GENERAL FRENCH.
15 North Eleventh St. Normal
"Disguise our bondage as we will
'Tis woman, woman rules us still.
Vice-President, 4A.

SCHELL, ELIZABETH C. P. FRENCH.
12 South Twelfth St. Pratt-Librarian.
"Persuasive Speech and move persuasive size."
French Circle; G. P. L.; Thalians; Capuchenni; Alliance Francaise; Sr. ACROPOLIS; Chairman 3A Sociable Comm., '16; Sociable Comm., '17; 1B Reception Comm., '17; Chairman Class Day Comm.; Gym. Capt., '16; Gym. Exhibition, '17; Red Cross.

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SMITH, SARA GENERAL GERMAN
85 South Oran
"I'll be m
I'll be sa
Vice-President German Club, ble; Cappuchine Club.

* * *

SMITH, VIOLA GENERAL GERMAN.
274 North Seventh St. Undecided.
"Come, give us a taste of your quality."
German Club; Science Club; Girls' Patriotic League; Sr. ACROPOLIS.

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STANTON, ELIZABETH H. COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH
225 N. 7th Street Undecided.
"Handsome is that handsome does."
French Club; Gym. Captain, '16, '17, '18; Hockey '17; Gym Exhibit '16; Class Day Committee; Senior ACROPOLIS; Sigma Tau Alpha.

* * *

TAYLOR, MARJORIE GENERAL FRENCH.
57 South Eleventh St. Undecided.
"So firm, so soft, yet so refined.
French Club; Sigma Tau Alpha.

* * *

TEN EYCK, RUTH GENERAL FRENCH.
182 Lincoln Ave. Savage's Phys. Train. School.
"So unaffected, so composed a mind."
Vice-President, 4B; French Club.

* * *

TERHUNE, ALFRED GENERAL GERMAN
668 Mt. Prospect Ave. Army.
"In every deed he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.
President of Class, 3A, 4B, 4A; A. A.; Junior Industrial Army.

* * *

"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed and danced and talked and sung."
Thalians, '17; French Club; Science Club; Gym. Capt., '15, '16, '17; Gym. Exhibition, '17; Hockey, '17; ACROPOLIS, '15, '16; Sr. ACROPOLIS; Red Cross; Sigma Tau Alpha.

* * *

THORNTON, BARBARA GENERAL
70 Kearny Street. Home.
"Virtue is its own reward."

TURNER, MILDRED GENERAL.
445 Summer Ave. Normal
"Bid me discourse; I will enchant thine ear."
Thalians, Science Club.

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VANDERHOFF, BEULAH GENERAL
160 Garside St.
"She had a good opinion of advice."
Glee Club, '16, '17.

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VOLPE, INNOCENT C. P. FRENCH.
293 Camden St. Stevens.
"The glory of a firm, capacious mind."
ACROPOLIS Agent, '16, '17; French Club.

* * *

WEBBER, ROSABELLE GENERAL.
8 Mt. Pleasant Ave.
"Study is like heaven's glorious sun."

* * *

WEBER, ELEANOR GENERAL GERMAN
599 South Belmont Ave. Normal.
"Her air, her manner, all who saw admired."
Science Club; German Club; Gym. Captain; Girls' Patriotic League; Sr. ACROPOLIS.

* * *

WESSER, PAULINE GENERAL LATIN.
390 Littleton Ave. Normal.
"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil over books consumed the midnight oil?"
Jewish Literary Society.

* * *

YELTON, GENEVIEVE GENERAL GERMAN.
125 Lincoln Ave. Normal.
"She is pretty to walk with and witty to talk with."
German Club; Science Club, Cappuchine Club; Sociable Committee; Surgical Dressings; Sr. ACROPOLIS.

* * *

WALTON, FRANCIS C. P. GERMAN.
295 Garside St. Stevens.
"Style is the dress of thoughts."
Discussion Club, '16; Glee Club, '16; German Club, '17; Science Club, '17; A. A., 4 yrs.; Tennis, '16; Track, '15, '16, '17; "B" man; Jr. Agricultural Army of N. J., '17; Red Cross; Theta Phi.

* * *

WLUDYKA, JOSEPH PETER C. P. GERMAN.
13 Jones St. Military Career.
"Is this that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario."
Glee Club, '16; Sec., '17; German Club, '16, '17; Math. Club, '16; Track, '16; Jr. Industrial Army of N. J., '17; Thalians, '16, '17; Cheer Leader, '17; Rostrum, '16, '17; Class Yell Comm., '17; A. A., 4 yrs.; Red Cross.

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WEINBERG, WALTER C. P. GERMAN.
200 Littleton Ave. Columbia.
"Thoughts are mightier than strength of hand."
A. A., 4 yrs.; Glee Club, '16, '17; Radio Club, '17; German Club, '16, '17; Science Club, '16, '17; Rostrum, '17; Red Cross.

We pledge our faith
The school we lov
If fight we must,

Club; Prize Speaking C
Cross; Delta Pi.

* *

RIZZOLO, GERALD
148 Mt. Prospect Ave. H

107 Clinton Ave. Columbia.

"Variety is the spice of life."

ACROPOLIS Agent '16, '17; ACROPOLIS Board

Class Song

F. Ethel Gansler.

I.

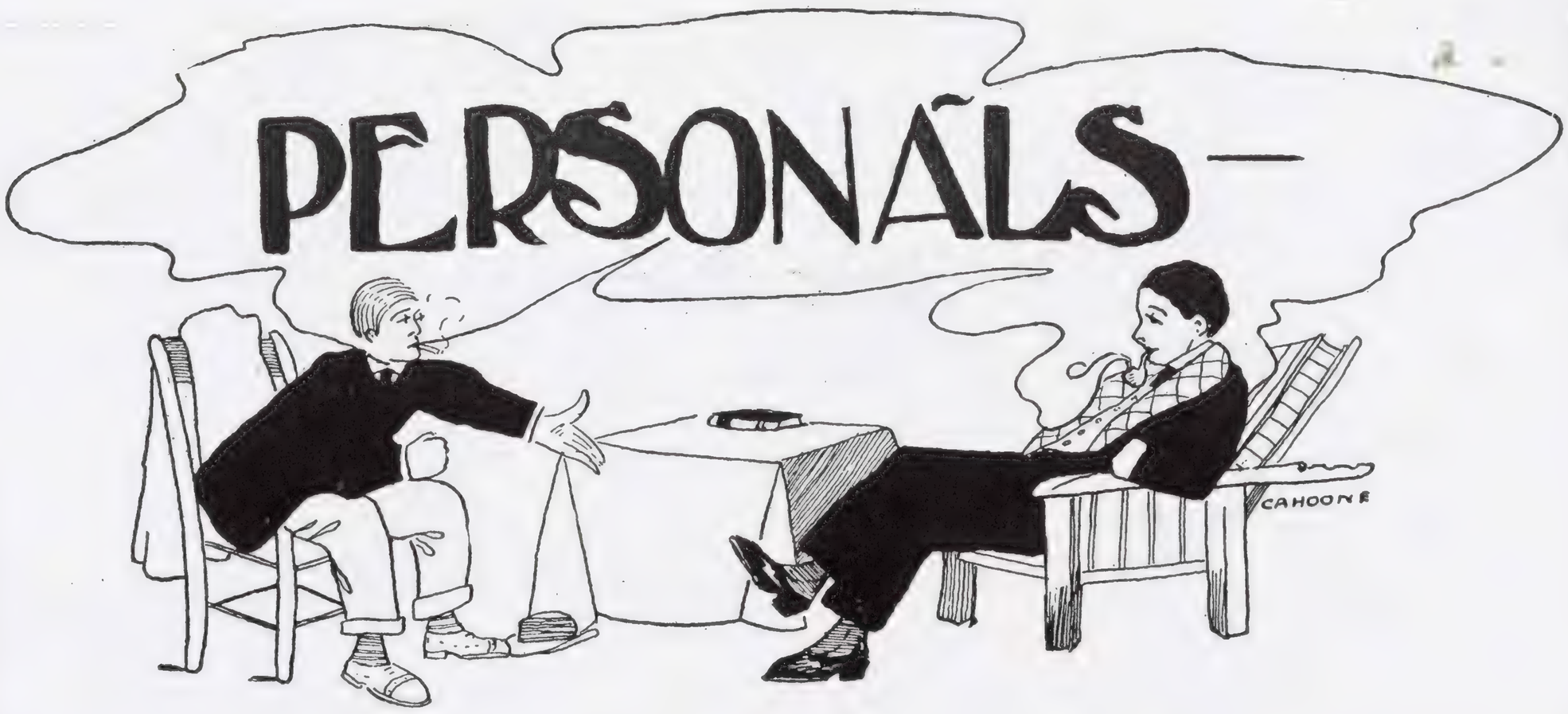
We pledge our faith to Barringer,
The school we love so well;
For now to her, dear Blue and White,
We bid a fond farewell.
And as time rolls its onward course
Her praises we shall swell;
And January 'Eighteen
Shall e'er in memory dwell.

II.

The joys of friendship, tried and true,
Allegiance to the right,
A reverence for your learned halls
We'll bear into the fight.
With these and more of your fair store
We start on life's stern way
And January 'Eighteen
Shall be our help each day.

III.

Now in these times of strife and stress
Our faith must never yield;
So Gold and Blue its boys shall send
To fight on freedom's field.
For honor of dear Barringer
If fight we must, we'll fight;
And January 'Eighteen
Shall be our guiding light.



The ACROPOLIS appears monthly
As fine as it can be,
But why all do not buy it
Is more than we can see.

Dot Rudd—I'm going to Normal School.
Rose Nussbaum—Poor kids!

Grossblatt's definition of a conceited girl. "She looks right through you and talks to herself."

HEARD IN HISTORY.

Mr. Gilman—Let that watered stock sink into you.

Miss Vanderhoof—What are you studying so hard for Pauline?
Miss Wesser—I'm studying to get ahead.
Beula—I thought you had one.

There's many a sigh and many a cry
When some see 6 instead of 9.
But there's always a far greater sigh
And always a far greater cry,
When the card that contains it is mine.

"Seniors ought to pay their dues,"
Says a class adviser.
"And even if it gives them blues,
They really ought to pay their dues."

Sam—Say, Majorie, did you hear about the man that got shot in Roseville?
Miss Taylor—No!
Gregory—Sure, he bought it—he was going hunting.

Sam—Say, Marion, I saw your friend Amos yesterday.
Miss Bardsley—Amos, who?
Gregory—A mosquito.

Miss Nutty—Say, Pete, haven't you gone up to Botany yet?
Terhune—How could I with you around?

Miss Thornton—Have you got a ruler?
Miss Curry—Go to Russia, there's an extra one there.

Miss Bardsley—Lend me a nickel?
Miss Hallock—Have you got change for a quarter?

A little goose-egg in history,
And a few of them in French,
And when you get your card,
It gives you quite a wrench.

A LESSON IN COOKING.

Miss Foster—Always use *Bald*win apples and you'll never have a hair in your sauce.

SCIENCE.

Teacher—Who can describe a caterpillar?
"Bright" 1B—It's an upholstered worm.

HEARD IN THE CHEM. LAB.

Teacher—You'd better put this in yourself.
Miss Yelton—I'd rather put it in the test tube.

Miss Husk—Whenever I'm short I apply to the man in the moon, he can always give me a quarter or a half.

Miss Bradley—I dreamt that my watch was stolen and so I got up to see.
Miss Nutty—Was it gone?
Agnes—No, but it was going!

Pete—Say, Sam! got a match?
Gregory—Don't you know there's not another one like me?

All the 4a's sure do know
The girl they call Celena Rowe
She's on the go,
But very slow,
This girl they call Celena Rowe.

Our Pres. called "Pete" for short,
Is certainly a good old sport
Above all he knows best
What is good for the rest,
And always is the right sort.

There's a cute little girl named Felicia
Quite in love with a man of th' militia
Being scolded at home
She left him alone
This cute little girl named Felicia.

We all know the arguing Marzulli,
Who at times becomes very unruly,
When in class he recites,
He stands up for his rights,
Does this arguing man called Marzulli.

WHAT WOULD WE DO WITHOUT

Miss Thompson's questions?
Gregory's wit?
Dot Rudd's ready smile?
Jerry Samuels' flirting?
Terhune's "Listen?"
Dot Duncan's popularity?
Weinberg's comedy?
Kanengieser's weight?
Laifer's talk?
Miss Gordon's dimples?
Grossblatt's smallness?
Idler's solemnity?
Eliz. Schell's earnestness?

THINGS WE'LL MISS AFTER JAN., '18.

The Orchestra.
Miss Richard's lectures.
An hour detention.
Mr. Mathew's Roll Call.
Mr. Gilman's "Why?"

Botany Teacher—What's the difference between an annual and a biennial plant?

Pupil—An annual plant dies once a year, and a biennial plant dies twice a year.

Miss Bearder—Why do they close the door of the furnace in the morning?

Miss R. Bradley—To give it a chance to get up.

Miss Burkhart—I can't make anything out of that fellow, he's so stupid.

Miss Bass—Well, I don't think so, he has a lot in him, when you know him.

Pearl—Well, then, it sure must be a vacant lot.

Riker—As a novelist, George Eliot was a rounder man than Dickens.

McCutcheon appears to be increasing the food supply. He is raising a crop of spinach.

LOWEN**G**RUB
B**E**ARDER
BE**R**RY
MARION
B**A**SS
COHE**N**
SAMUEL
MEN**T**Z
W**A**LTON
SALAND**R**A
JACOB**S**
?

ANCESTRAL PRIDE CRUSHED.

He—My ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*.

She—It's lucky they did. The immigration laws are a little stricter now.

We suggest that Burke Boyce wear more quiet clothes as befits an editor.

"Bridget, why did you put the fly-paper on the back porch?"

"And shure, m'am, oi thought it would fill up quicker."

HE REMEMBERED HIM.

First—Did your late uncle remember you in his will?

Second—I guess he did—for he left me out.

Dot Rudd had two nice pink cheeks,
She never did look pale;
Alas, the drug store then burned down
And now it's not for sale.

Herr Nicklas—Riker, do you want me to tell you about your beauty?

Lowengrub, to his great delight, now has his name in our paper.

Big Brother Movement among the 4A's—Terhune taking care of Grossblatt.

James—Why is Idler like a Mexican?
Fred—Well, why?
James—Because they can both throw the bull.

When the girls say that Samuel is heavenly, they mean he is of no "earthly" use.

Miss Coult—Chaucer always begins his tale with a Knight. Pennington, can you explain why Chaucer did so?

Virgil (who has been napping)—Why-er-in preparation for the action of the next day I suppose.

Wilbur Riker—Irving, do you know what two fruits make the best combination?

Irving Gibson Idler—No, what two?

Wilbur—A *date* with a *peach* of course.

Miss Darnell—What musical instrument produces the foot note?

Mildred Turner—The shoe horn.

When Riker was being examined for football.

Doctor—You are rejected. You have myopia.

Riker—You are greatly mistaken Doctor, I have nothing that belongs to you.

Mr. Pennington—When Virgil graduates he will enter the army and he will soon rise to the top.

Mr. Milwitzky—Do you think that he will get a commission?

Mr. P.—No, straight salary.

Elizabeth Schell (watching Frances Beucke knit a pale blue sweater)—I suppose your knitting that for the benefit of the soldiers?

Frances—Of course; soldiers just adore me in pale blue.

A FORGOTTEN INCIDENT OF THE JUNE PARADE.

Mrs. Gansler—Just look at my Ethel, isn't she great? She is the only one in step, too!

Terhune—There will be a class meeting this afternoon. Now all get out!

During a French meeting, Mr. Milwitzky has the floor. Refreshments are and have been waiting.

Mr. Mezger (to one of the girls)—The cake is getting stale.

Betsy M. (translating Virgil)—"She stripped the skin from their hides."

Irving Idler our future young lawyer,
Was reading a book called "Tom Sawyer."
Of course the book was exceedingly phoney
For between the covers lay Irving G's poney.

We hate to see Sam Gregory come,
From him we love to flee.
You see he is the treasurer
He's after *you* and *me*.

OUR SONG REVIEW.

(To the tune of "'Twas Only an Irishman's Dream.")

Sure my card for this month was a beauty,
Every mark was an 8 or a 9,
And my ma was surprised, and just why you'll surmise,
When I say 'twas the first 9 she'd seen;
Sure, I always will keep in memory,
Oh, how good and how real it did seem,
But I came to my senses—when I fell out of bed,
For 'twas only, yes, only a dream.

When the fellows in 31 begin to sing, after assembly:

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word over there,
Mr. S— is coming, he has heard you humming,
The whole class humming some sweet air
So beware; have a care,
To go on, with your song, don't you dare
For he's coming, because you're humming,
And he could hear you in his office over there.

ODE TO JOHNNY JENNING'S FLIVVER.

Oh, Johnnie, oh, Johnnie, how does it go?
Oh, Johnnie, oh, Johnnie, what makes it go?
Your little "Ford Car" leaps for joy,
I can't imagine why, I only know it goes
And so its,
Oh, Johnnie, Oh, Johnnie, how does it go?
It simply makes my heart feel gay,
I'd trade my "Chandler" away, for your "Ford,"
any day
If I knew Johnnie, just how it goes.

Rosie, Rosie, of the alley,
Come on Rosie, let's be pally
Rosie, you're the sweetest flower of the lot,
Be my Rosie, oh, be my Rosie
And I'll be your "Phil" Grossblatt.

NO HARD FEELINGS.

Do not imagine, Alumni, that the John Jennings Ford Car Lunch Room is running in opposition to you, for such is not the case. It is simply a small picnic ground—you bring your own lunch—constructed for four or five, but usually over-accommodating to the extent of eight or ten. No fire rules or regulations governing this one-armed hash house; it is within the law to pack in it such notables as J. Jennings, proprietor, Irving Idler, Lipman, Berry, Walt Taylor, Burke Boyce, etc.

OUR LIBRARY.

The Call of the Wild—The spirit that brings "throngs" to the sanctum at noon.

Over the Top—H. N. looking "Over the top of glasses."

The Conquerors—Our Football Team.

BARRINGER'S THEATRICAL HEADLINERS.

Upstairs and Down—Our daily schedule.
The Wolf—First in line at the lunch room.
The Lone Sentinel—Miss Patrick at door,, noon dancing class.
Nothing But the Truth—After Mr. Stearns' lecture.
The Slacker—The "Cutter."
Civilization—Room 31?

B. Thornton—Suppose the president, vice-president and the whole cabinet should die, who would officiate?

Pete Terhune—Why, the undertaker, I suppose.

---

2 B or not 2 B that is the question?
If he was 2 x A 4 B
And B 4 he graduates should fail
One can plainly see,
He'd B 2 x, A 4 A 2
Now then, wouldn't he? (X=times.)

A 4A found a little pin,
Nickel plated long and thin,
Thrust it through the teacher's chair,
Left it sticking upright there.
The prof. sat down—it made him squirm,
The 4A took that course next term.

IN THE LUNCH ROOM—FOOD CONSERVATION.

Mary Taylor—Look at that fellow scraping his plate.

Eliz. Stanton—Yes, I guess he's trying to extract the honey from the flowers.

Pennington—Why is Idler like Quebec?

Kellner—Why?

Pennington—Because they are both established on a big bluff.

Dare we hope for it?
Is there anything like it?
Proud are those who get it?
Our class worships it.
Many long for it.
All work for it.

Smart
Energetic
Noted
Intellectual
Old?
Reliable
Serene(!)

Eliz. McArthur—Why do they call that Island Sordenca?

Ethel Gansler—Oh, because it is so densely populated, I guess.

Miss Coult—Explain the metaphor, the moon is silver!

Helen Gordon—Why that's so, doesn't the moon come out in halves and quarters? Exit.

I wish I were a pirate bold
Like far famed captain Kidd;
I'd put my neighbor in a cask
And hammer down the lid.
I'd put him on my black flag'd barque
And sail far out to sea,
And there we'd lie till it grew dark
My neighbor dear and me.
I'd take him out his barrel cell,
And lash him to the mast,
With many cunning sailor knots
I'd tie him firmly fast;
When tired sleep had conquered him
I'd laugh a fiendish laugh,
And wake him as he's oft wak'd me
With his own phonograph.

Teacher—How did the nobility get an education in medieval times?

Terhune—They went to (k)night school, I guess.

When Tom(p)son's Foster child learns Howe to Rowe she Schell take the Taylor and the Smiths to Bradely and they'll all pick Berr(y)ies.

Kosches—Where do we go from here?

Teacher—Well the detention room is forty-one and you may spend the week there.

Room 65 Flanders on Prohibition—My father was in Tennessee when the state went dry and then he came home.

The "Big Wind in Ireland" didn't have anything on the big "Draft in the U. S."

Agnes Bradley—Say Dot, did you hear any funny things in your room?

Dot Duncan—No. there's lots of funny things in our room, but they don't say funny things.

Agnes McGrath—A terrible thing happened at our house last night.

Caroline Howe—Yes, what?

Agnes—Oh, my father opened a barrel of apples and discovered them to be spies.

Gregory—A pigeon, they have instinct haven't they?

Mr. B.—Don't say a pigeon, they.

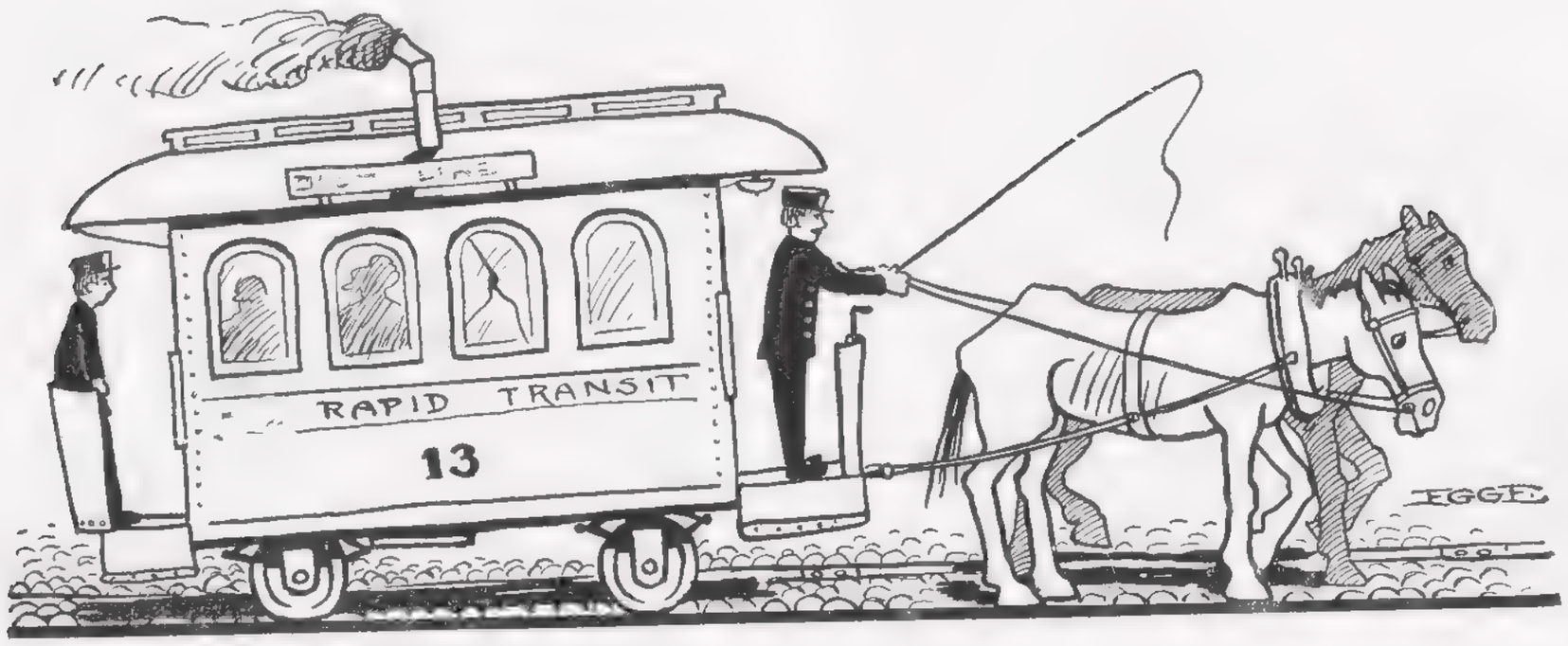
Sam—Well then, a pigeon, he.

Chief—Did you take a shower bath?

1B—No, is one missing.

FOSTER
POOLE
GREGORY
MUTCHLER
BECKER
JULIANO
NOBLE
POLAND
DOREMUS
RITCHIE
FRAZIER
RIKER
MINSTER

!!!!
PETERS
LOWENGRUB
SAMUELS
LEAVITT
WALTON
FLANDERS
RIKER
GROSSBLATT
WLUDYKA
IDLER
BERRY
KOSCHES



Farewell, O'Clifton Boat

Dunn—I'm going to express my opinion.
Jones—Don't, its cheaper by parcel post.

IN 33.

Walton—Please repeat end of the sentence.
Herr. N.—Period.

Corwin—Your mouth's open.
Zapp—I know it, I opened it.

Teacher—Explain evaporation.
Dot Jacobs—When I study two hours and then forget all I knew.

HEARD NOON HOUR.

1st stude—Do you believe in early marriages?
2nd stude—Certainly not. Twenty is plenty young enough.

AT BATTIN FOOTBALL GAME.

Dot Rudd—Isn't it nice, they put the boy's ages on their backs.

He—There's a rumor your hair is bleached.
She—That's false.
He—I thought so.

MUSIC PERIOD IN ASSEMBLY.

Terhune—I feel as though I'm not all here.
Newsome—Probably so, we're assembling in parts.

ROUMANIA
RUSSIA
GREECE

JAPAN
ENGLAND
ITALY
BELGIUM
FRANCE
SERVIA

There is a girl named Husk,
Whose hair is like the dusk,
But her smile is like sunshine
And I've oft wish'd it were mine.
Then *arm'd* I would be
While others envied me.

---

31 Teacher—Wludyka, stop singing that German song, you might be arrested some time.
Wludyka—Well, Walton is singing it too.
31 Teacher—Oh yes, but it is so disguised no one would recognize it.

Matonti—What are you doin'?
Peters—I'm due in detention.

BEWARE 4A'S.

You may think you're educated,
By universities be rated
With title and degree
A.B., M.A. and Ph. D.,
But you've never met a scholar
In lecture hall or parlor
Until you chance to hear
A friend I meet each year
He's a pundit, he's a sage,
He's the wisest of the age,
He's a human fount of knowledge—
The freshman home from college.

Smart 4A—What does this note on my paper mean?
Teacher—It says "Poor Writing," can't you read?
Smart 4A—But is it a correction or an example?

Mildred Curry—The corridors are awfully cold, I wish they'd paint them.
Barbara Thornton—What good would that do?
Mildred—Why then they'd have a coat on.

Grossblatt—Walton's generous even if he is conceited.
Kanengieser—Why, how's that?
Grossblatt—Well, he is always ready to give his word and never keeps it.

Teacher—What is a substitute for coal?
Stude—Warm weather.

When Kanengieser was elected President of the German Club some remarked, "I think he'll *fill* the chair."

Thalians—Laughing Mask.
A. A.—Battle cry of Peace.
Circle Française—Sawdust Ring (Blockheads).
German Club—Spies.
G. P. L.—Amazons.
Rostrum—On Trial.
Glee Club—Song of Songs.
All of Them—Doing Their Bit.

Doorkeeper (at 1B reception to Kilgus who was trying to sneak in)—Are you a 1B?
Red—No, I'm a food inspector, let's see the eats!

Born of Riker wit—They call the deaf mutes to church by ringing the dumb bells.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Lessons are but empty dreams,
Virgil doth disturb my slumbers
French is not just what it seems.

Lines of Seniors oft remind us
That they strive to do their best;
And departing leave behind them
Note books that will help the rest.

Miss Darnell—Oh, I left my bow in the auditorium.
Idler—Yes, what's his name?

Our president's name is Terhune,
And he reaches most to the moon,
But girls gather for miles
To see his sweet smiles
Which are ever on review;
I don't wonder he's president, do you?

1st 1B—Was that a boarder of yours, who was hurt recently?
2nd 1B—No, that was only a rumor.

Prof.—How do you say I give in Latin?
Kosches—Dunno (Dono).
Prof.—Correct.

Kilgus—My head feels on fire.
Barling—I thought I smelt wood burning.

Teacher—What are pauses?
Benjamin—Things that grow on cats.

TAKING 4A PICTURE.

Photographer—Be still now, this isn't a moving picture.

Prof.—Where's your poetry.
Junker (showing empty paper)—I wrote it in blank verse.

Terhune (when class picture was postponed) I've saved this clean collar for the last two (2) weeks.

ON BLACKBOARD IN ROOM 95.

1A's please take your empty milk bottles home.

Berry—Is your nose always red?
Benjamin—Until I blow it, then it blue (blew).

IN 38.

Jones (chewing gum).
Miss F.—I told you before; you can't chew and read Bacon at same time.

IN 39.

Wack—The (h)orn of the (h)unter is (h)eard on the (h)ill.
Miss D.—Why don't you sing a few h's.
W.—Music is only written up to G.

Senior A—I'm so nervous I'm going to take the Acropolis exam.

Miss Hallock—I hear Carrington made a good speech. What did he speak on?
A. Bradley—On the platform.

Eleanor Weber (on Clifton car)—At which end shall I get off?
Conductor—Either end, they both stop.

OUR AGES.

Rough Stone Age—Freshman
Polished Stone Age—Sophomore
Bronze Age—Junior
Brass Age—Senior

FULL OF GLORY.

Marjory startled the family the other morning by exclaiming at the breakfast table, "I'm full of glory."

"What on earth do you mean, child?" asked her mother.

"Why," exclaimed Marjory, "a sunbeam just got on my spoon, and I swallowed it."

Mr. Dumm—Did you know that there is some sulphur in the human body? It varies in different people.

Note—That's why some of us make better matches than others.

Miss Yelton had a Snookems cat
It warbled like Caruso
A neighbor swung a baseball bat—
Now Snookems doesn't do so.

Gertrude Rauch—What's the name of your story?
Pauline Wesser—"I Told You So."
Gertrude—You did not.
Pauline—Well, "I Told You So" is the name of the story.

Why is a load of hay like a mouse?
Because the cattle eat it.

Sam Gregory (after hearing Miss Antz's appeal for cosmus for the platform)—What is that a new breakfast food?

IN GYM.

Miss Punzelt (speaking of the noise made by the girls whispers)—Girls, all stop a minute, and listen to the buzz.

Mother (in railroad coach, to her eight-year-old)—Mary, don't you see the people looking at you? Stop stretching your gum out in a string; chew it like a lady.

Mr. G.—Who's the smallest man in history?
Idler—The Roman who slept on his watch.

Mr. Jayson—What is wind?
Rizzolo—Air in a hurry.

Gregory—How is it I never see you drinking water?
Terhune—I'm afraid of rusting my iron constitution.

Mr. B.—Explain judicious (jew dishes).
1B—Gifilte Fisch and Matzoth Glassz.

Riker—What is a man born in America, educated in France and died in Spain?
Samuel—I give up.
Riker—A dead one.

Tries—What are you drawing?
Pennington—A horse and wagon.
Tries—Where's the wagon?
Penn.—I'll let the horse draw that.

Mr. G.—What city is next to largest in the U. S.
Junker—Jersey City.
Mr. G.—What?
Junker—Well, isn't it next to New York?

1B—I'd like to take a bond for my father.
Mr. S.—What size?
1B—Why-y-y-y he wears a fifteen (15) collar.

Plays	Players
Tailor Made Man	Jerome Samuels
Chin Chin	Wardrobe at 8:55
Oh! Boy	Sam Gregory
A Scrap of Paper	That Diploma!!
Eyes of Youth	1B's
Experience	Our four years
The Very Idea	Of our Flunking
Nothing But The Truth	Our Report Cards
On Trial	Our Probations
Upstairs and Down	From the Gym. to the Lunch Room

Miss Husk—Why is a Ford like a rich baby?
Miss Bardsley—Because it has lots of rattles.

Miss Shiffmayer—Did your watch stop when it fell on the floor.
Miss Hallock—Of course, do you think it went through?

Berry (asking for information about Senior Athletics)—Oh! Miss Bardsley, do you play on the swimming team?

Miss Hallock—A man fell out of the window yesterday.
Miss Foster—Did he get a hard fall?
Mary—How could he? He had a light fall suit on.

School News

THE ROSTRUM.

President, Irving G. Idler.
Vice-President, E. Reicher.
Secretary, Angelena Caprio.
Treasurer, Virgil Pennington.

The Rostrum represents Barringer in all debates. Its work during the past few terms has been helpful to many individuals and to the school. However, Rostrum cannot be to the school all it should be.

Practice in debating helps the student in many ways. First, it helps to overcome "stage fright." It teaches himself possession and drives away self-consciousness. Second, it gives him a better command of English, by enlarging his vocabulary, and by giving him the ability to choose the right word in the right place. This is a result of public speaking, and especially of extemporaneous speaking. Fellow students, the Rostrum offers great opportunities to you.

At the reorganization meeting, plans for the interscholastic debates were discussed. All Juniors and Seniors are eligible to membership, and to the debating team which will represent Barringer during the coming year. Besides these interscholastic debates, debates are held between pupils in the school every two weeks. Come out, and see if you have any hidden talent. Do not fail to attend the next Rostrum meeting and debate.

THE THALIANS.

President, Stanley Jacobus.
Vice-President, Edythe Green.
Secretary, Rose Nussbaum.
Treasurer Mr. Crosse.
Executive Committee
Celena Rowe
Walter Taylor
Faculty Advisers, Mr. Crosse and Mr. Milwitzky.

The Barringer Thalians grew as a result of the decay of the 4B Farces. A little over a year ago a meeting was called of all those who had had a speaking part in a Barringer play. With this strong foundation the Thalians organized and flourished, until they now boast of a large membership. Admission to the Thalians is the reward of those who write a good criticism of a play of some value, or who write on some dramatic subject; or who succeed in making the semi-finals in the try-outs for some play.

The Thalians purpose presenting to the school this term, "Gringoire," which will later be followed by a production of the same play in French, at a meeting of the combined French Circle of New Jersey High Schools.

On Friday, December 3, the Thalians held their second comedy and sociable. The comedy, "Flattery," told the story of a girl, who had a hard time finding out that she liked flattery and not truth. The cast consisted of Ruth Cairns, James Berry and Virgil Pennington. Music was provided by a five-piece band. Do not fail to support the Thalians at the presentation of all its plays. You will not be disappointed.

CERCLE FRANCAIS.

President, Burke Boyce.
Vice-President, Mildred Cozzone.
Secretary, Edythe Green.
Treasurer, Mr. Mezger.

It is due to the guidance of Mr. Mezger and Mr. Milwitzky that this organization is so prominent a one in the school. It meets once a month in the Science Lecture Room. The meetings are followed by lectures on topics of interest by students and often by men of prominence in French America, if the terms may be used. The Cerçle Française can boast of a wonderful collection of lantern slides, many of which have been on exhibition in New York and in public schools throughout the state. It is customary to hold a sociable every year, to which members of French clubs in other schools are invited. These sociables, for which the Cerçle is famous, are intensely enjoyed by all.

Moreover, aside from the social benefits of this French Club, the educational value of the lectures is immeasurable. We are sure that the members have broadened their minds consider-

ably by a knowledge of French literature, art, and customs, all derived from the lectures.

If you have completed one-half year of French, join the club immediately by depositing a quarter with Mr. Mezger, as dues for the whole term.

THE GERMAN CLUB.

This club has enjoyed a career of nearly twenty years. Mr. Nicklas is the mainstay of this organization and has been ever since it was founded in 1890, by Miss Buettner and Mr. Mezger. The members enjoy a good program every month.

MATHEMATICS CLUB.

Last term an effort was made to interest part of the school in forming a mathematics club. The first meeting promised success. Officers were elected and programs prepared for future meetings. However, interest flagged, and the attendance dwindled to Pennington, president, and a few of the more interested members. It seems too bad that this should be the case, as every other subject of interest has a club formed for its study.

It happens that the main supporters of this club are graduating. We are sure we could leave the school with a lighter heart, if we knew that a few were taking up the work to press it through to a successful career. Go to it.

BARRINGER DISCUSSION CLUB.

President, George Wallhauser.
Vice-President, Dan Noble.
Secretary, Sam Gregory.
Treasurer, Mr. Palmer Bradner.

This club meets every Tuesday night at the Y. M. C. A. for the discussion of high school problems. Barringer was the first school in the country to have such a club, but now they may be found in many cities.

BARRINGER SCIENCE CLUB.

President, Dudley Foster.
Vice-President, Fred Green.
Secretary, Mildred Cozzone.
Treasurer and Faculty Adviser, Miss Price.

This club includes all those interested in science, who are interested enough to go to the trouble of paying ten cents to the treasurer. Meetings are held every month, and an interesting program produced after the business. Every Barringer student should be interested.

RADIO CLUB.

President, Dudley Foster.
Vice-President, Virgil Pennington.
Secretary, Angelina Caprio.
Treasurer, Harvey Williams.
Faculty Adviser, Mr. Jayson.
Chairman of Porgram Com., Frank Leibe.

This organization is a branch of the Science Club. Its members are those Barringerites who are interested in wireless and in electrical experimenting in general. The meetings, every two weeks, are full of interest. At the last meeting successful experiments with an audion coil were enjoyed by all, under the direction of Mr. Jayson.

MISCELLANEOUS.

And what more shall we say of the Barringer organizations? The Boys' Glee Club and the Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Grace Darnell, are flourishing. The Girls' Patriotic League has aroused considerable interest and is doing a fine work. The Surgical Dressings Club is to be commended for its fine work.

B. B. B. MEETING.

Officers for the newly organized 3B Class were elected at the class' second meeting on November 5th. Clifford Cooper was elected president; Rosina Rathbone, vice-president; Clarissa Hulse, secretary; Paul Whitfield, treasurer; and Mr. Ray Hart was chosen Class Adviser,

With the energetic Mr. Hart at its head, this class should prove to be one of the most successful of 3B classes ever organized in Barringer. Best success, 3B's.

A. A. A. MEETING.

Discussion relating to preparing a new constitution for the 3A Class chiefly occupied the members at the informal meeting on November 5th. The old constitution was lost during the summer months.

No other regular meeting was held during the month.

DISCUSSION CLUB.

The average attendance at the Tuesday night meeting of the Discussion Club at the Y. M. C. A. is three times as many as last year. The Barringer fellows outnumber the representatives from South Side, East Side and Central combined. The main reason for this splendid record is that the good old Barringer spirit of former years is again creeping into the hearts of each student at Newark's oldest high school.

Another reason for the increased attendance is the list of excellent speakers. Not long ago Mr. H. Williams, who has served under the British Government in Australia for several years, told of his experiences as a Y. M. C. A. Secretary in one of the present United States cantonments.

Also, at the Election Day meeting, we were favored with a speech by Coach "Chief" Broadhead. He told the fellows about "The Game, Its Result, Why It Happened That Way." The "Chief" was highly applauded, and then each one of the players said a word or two. Edwin Smith, who played a star game at guard for South Side, spoke on the clean playing on our part and told us to look out for South Side next year. (Thanks, Smithy, we will.) Then Joe Brown disturbed

Class History

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW ROAD.

"Elizabeth, do you remember your first day at B. H. S.?"

"Don't I though! It was the most awful day of my life. I slipped on the side-walks, which were *just beautiful* with February slush, was tormented by a bunch of fresh boys from Forrest Hill, and worst of all was directed to the lunch room instead of the auditorium by a couple of former grammar school friends. If I had come right back, when I found myself in the wrong place, it would have been all right; but I kept on wandering around in the basement. Then I was scared, and feared I'd done something wrong, and ran upstairs again. When at last I went into the auditorium, everybody stared at me—or at least I thought they did—and of course, I was red as a beet and on the verge of tears. But things went better after that and in a month or two I lost even my homesickness for grammar school."

"It seems such a short time since we entered, but what a lot of things have happened! Not much in the first two years, but since we organized our class—gracious! Do you remember how smart we all thought ourselves when we first met, and Mr. Mil announced him self as class adviser? Who were our officers? Oh! I know, Lansing Ten Eyck was President, Gladys Judson, Vice President; Ruth Knipe, Secretary, and Charles Pilling, Treasurer."

"We didn't have a sociable that term did we? But the next fall we had our masquerade—on November 8, 1916. The officers that term were Alfred Terhune, President; Ruth Knipe, Vice-President; Charles Pilling, Treasurer; and Elizabeth Bethard, Secretary."

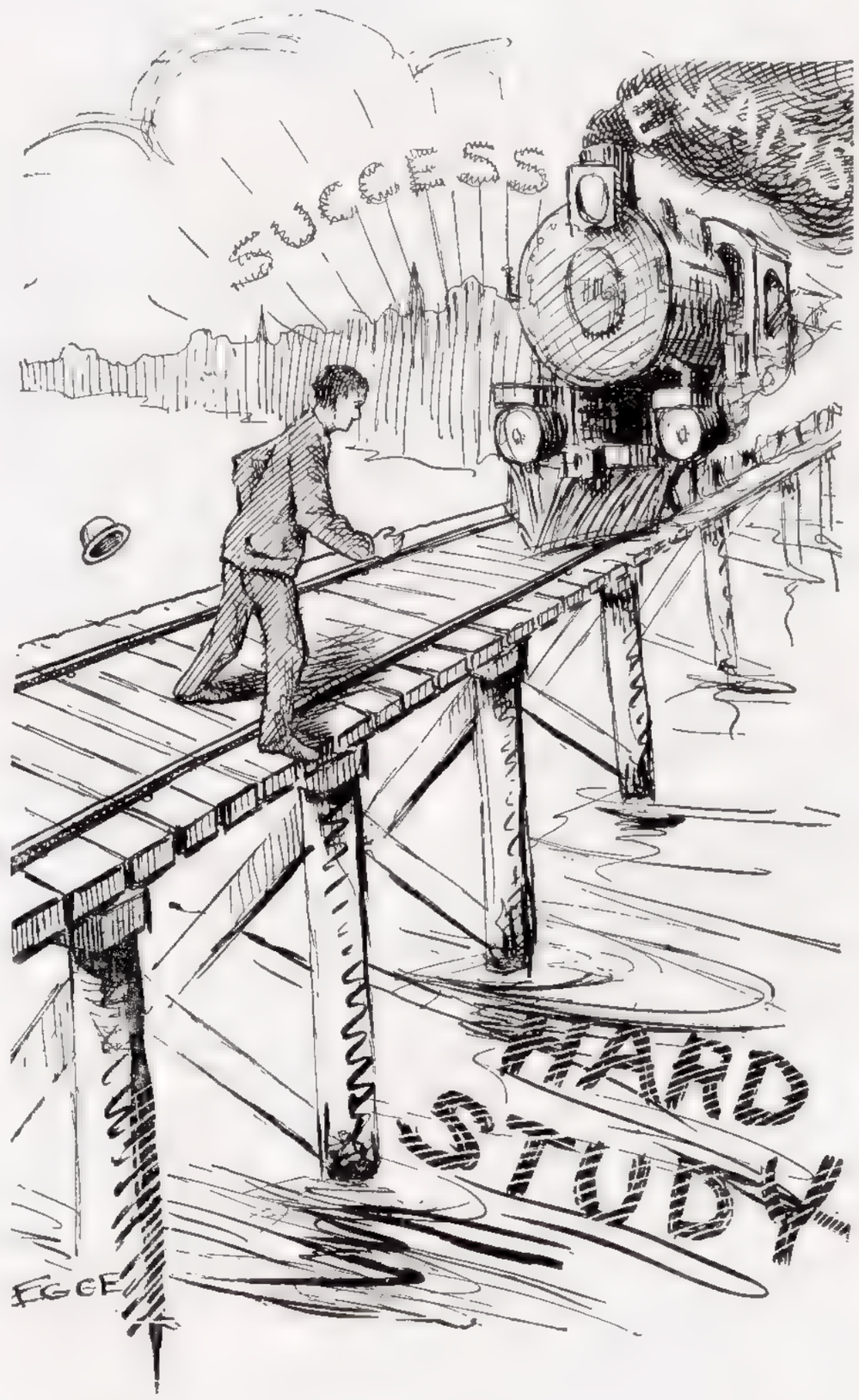
"We chose our class colors, too, Mary Jane; and then the first thing we knew we were 4B's, with a new set of officers, and class pins and rings. "Pete" was President again, Ruth Ten Eyck, Vice-President; Lucille Hammond, Secretary and Harold Keating, Treasurer.

We gave the 4A's a sociable on June 1st, and before school closed, presented the school with an American flag, bought a Liberty Bond, and donated it to the Red Cross."

"This term, most of our work has been preparation for the Senior Acrop. and Class Day. Of course, we have our officers: "Pete," President; Dorothea Shiffmayer, Vice-President; Lucille Hammond, Secretary, and Sanford Gregory, Treasurer.

We gave the 1B's and their parents a reception on October 18th. I think they had a good time, don't you?"

"Yes. And didn't *we* have a good time at the 4B's sociable, November 27th?"



"We sure did—and right on top of that come all those days of practice for Class Day. Weren't they the funniest, though? It puts me in a good humor just to think of them; and Class Day itself was just great!"

"Yes, and so was Graduation Day—the final, beautiful climax of all the others!"

MONTCLAIR HOLDS BARRINGER TO A TIE.

Barringer received a very unpleasant surprise from Montclair when the latter held her to a 6 to 6 tie. Barringer had an off day which was "off" in every sense. The whole team was stale excepting perhaps the ends, who nevertheless were mighty glad when the final whistle blew. Barringer went into the game like a lion and came out—well, we won't say how she came out.

Barringer carried Montclair off her feet at the start, and marched right down the field for a touchdown. Then Montclair got started and with a perfect forward pass formation scored a touchdown before the quarter ended. That seemed to wake Barringer up (to a certain extent) to the fact that the game wasn't going to be child's play but try as she would she could not get within range of Montclair's goal.

Of course there must be a reason for this poor showing, and there is. Captain Ritchie was not in the game on account of injuries, and Gregory was shifted to fullback. This caused the backfield to lose a lot of power as is shown from the fact that Gregory is no easy man to stop at running the ends when calling the signals, but at fullback he simply didn't fit in. Frazier and Riker played best for Barringer while Foster and Arra played best for Montclair. The line-up:

Barringer.		*Montclair*
Frazier	Left End.	Beatty
Mitchell	Left Tackle.	Wilson
Becker	Left Guard.	Rose
Noble	Center.	Sayles
Poland	Right Guard.	Arra
Kuhnle	Right Tackle.	Landell
Riker	Right End.	Butterman
Minster	Quarterback.	Foster
Juliano	Left Halfback.	Kritchmer
Poole	Right Halfback.	Pierson
Gregory	Fullback.	Brigham

BARRINGER DEFEATS RUTHERFORD.

After many preliminary performances including some music from Rutherford's "brassy" brass band the game with Rutherford finally got under way.

Weakened by the loss of several of its stars, Rutherford was not able to put up much of a fight, and as a result we beat them by a 17-0 score.

As for the game, Barringer won the toss and decided to kick. After trying some line-plunging which netted him very small gains, the Rutherford quarterback decided to kick. Barringer returned the kick. Here with the ball on Barringer's 40-yard line, Thornton, the speedy Rutherford fullback, pulled off a 30-yard end run. George Poole, Barringer's star halfback, not to be outdone by Thornton, here ran around end for 40 yards to the middle of the field. After more line-plunging, in which the Rutherford backs failed to gain through Barringer's line the quarter ended with the score 0-0.

The second period was marked by long-runs by Gregory and Juliano. In this period, Ritchie, who had one previous try for a field goal, kicked the ball over the cross-bar for the first score. For the remainder of the quarter the ball seesawed back and forth, neither side being able to score. The half ended with the score 3-0 in Barringer's favor.

Barringer again kicked off at the beginning of the second half. Rutherford again chose to rush the ball but being unable to gain anything, they kicked. After another exchange of kicks Barringer got possession of the ball and started the march to the goal line where Ritchie took it over. Rutherford had the choice and chose to receive. They rushed it back to the middle of the field

where they lost it to Ritchie who intercepted a forward pass. The real excitement however did not begin until the last period when Juliano intercepted a forward pass and ran 40 yards before he was downed. On the next play Poole received the ball and passed it to Gregory who carried it over the line. The game ended with the ball on Rutherford's 30-yard line. The line-up:

Rutherford.	*Barringer.*
Allen	Frazer
Left End.	
Johnson	Becker
Left Tackle.	
De Mille	Mutchler
Left Guard.	
Black	Noble
Center.	
Grimshaw	Polland
Right Guard.	
Beyers	Kuhnle
Right Tackle.	
Schoenfeld (Capt.)	Herbell
Right End.	
Storms	Gregory
Quarterback.	
Perratti	Poole
Left Halfback.	
Egert	Juliano
Right Halfback.	
Thornton	Ritchie
Fullback.	

Score by periods.

Rutherford	0	0	0	0—0
Barringer	0	3	7	7—17

Substitutions—Rutherford: Whitehill for Thornton, Black for Walters, Russell for Grimshaw. Barringer: Rondeau for Becker, Hummell for Poole, Munster for Gregory.

Referee—Selvige of Columbia. Umpire—Saunders of Columbia. Head linesman—Gullio, Springfield. Time of periods—15 minutes each.

BATTIN IS BARRINGER'S MASTER.

Battin's heavy steam-roller attack easily bowled over Barringer at the City Field by the score of 20 to 7. Barringer found it impossible to stop the smashing attack of Schmidlin, Ruby and Husbands. Time after time these three would crash against the line. Something had to give, and it was usually the line. Add to this the fact that this was Barringer's second hard game within five days and the reasons for the defeat are clear.

Battin kicked off and by the end running of Juliano and Gregory the ball was quickly brought to Battin's three yard line. Gregory went through the line for a touchdown. That seemed to get Battin started and inside of five minutes Schmidlin went over for the first Battin score. The half ended shortly with the ball in midfield.

Battin started off with a rush in the third quarter and soon had the ball on the one foot mark where Barringer held. Gregory kicked out but he only prolonged the agony. Ruby took the ball three times in succession with a Battin score as a result. The goal was kicked. On the kick-off Barringer began to find herself and was advancing well when a costly fumble gave Battin the ball. Ruby and Schmidlin once more started hammering and Ruby went over for the last touchdown.

Ruby played best for Battin while Noble starred for Barringer. The line-up:

Barringer	*Battin*
Frazier	Crane
Left End	
Mutchly	Glockin
Left Tackle	
Rondeau	Simon
Left Guard	
Noble	Jacobson
Center	
Poland	Parson
Right Guard	
Kuhnle	Pennell (Capt.)
Right Tackle	
Herbell	Salzman
Right End	
Gregory	Husbands
Quarterback	
Juliano	Ruby
Left Half Back	
Poole	Church
Right Half Back	
Richie (Capt.)	Schmidlin
Full Back	

Battin	0	7	7	6—20
Barringer	7	0	0	0— 7

THE SWIMMING TEAM.

The prospects for a swimming team for the coming season look good and although some of our boys are fighting against German autocracy we still have great expectations of replacing them by some of the second string men from last year and the newcomers. We have lost Captain Gilbert Gregory, our sprinter and plunger; Bert Baling, captain, '15-'16, and the best sprinter and one of our best dive-for-form men; Edward Barney, a short sprinter and a dive-for-form man and Dan Ecker, whose endurance proved him one of our best long distancers. It is true that our team will suffer a sever setback from the loss of these patriotic veterans. Casler, last year's manager, is in the army and has been succeeded by Flanders who with the veterans Van Poynak, Sam Gregory (for a while), Silber, Whitefield, Thorn, and Becker, hopes to reorganize the team, despite the losses and to arrange so speedy a schedule as to arouse a greater spirit and put out a better team than ever before.

Barringer-East Orange Game

Our boys aided greatly by the generalship of Gregory and the end-runs of Juliano succeeded in trimming the East Orange boys by the score of 17-9.

Long before the time for the game to start, the crowd began to file into the great field. By eleven o'clock the stands were filled up and the border of the field was black with the throug of people. Shortly after eleven o'clock, the two teams appeared on the field and took their places on the heaps of straw. Then after a short warming-up signal practice the two teams took the field.

Barringer won the toss and elected to receive. Aschenback kicked off for East Orange. Here Gregory chose to rush the ball but being unsuccessful, he decided to kick. On the next play, however, Coe of East Orange returned the kick to Barringer's twenty yard line. Here Gregory surprised everyone by making a thirty-five yard run. Coe of East Orange on the next play kicked the ball back to Barringer's one yard line. At this stage of the game Gregory went back for a fake kick. Noble, however, made a bad pass and the ball rolled between Gregory's legs. Gregory recovered the ball but was downed behind his own goal post giving East Orange a safety, which counted two points.

Although they tried hard, the Barringer backs were not able to score until the second quarter. In this quarter after Juliano and Ritchie had both missed attempts at field goals, Gregory tried the first forward pass of the game. This forward pass failed although Juliano got his hands on the ball but was not able to hold it. Then after a few rushes through which not much ground was gained, Gregory tried another forward pass. This time "Julie" caught the ball just as he stepped over the goal line. This, together with the point which was added by the goal from touchdown, gave the Barringer boys seven points to their credit. The quarter and half ended after Meteer of East Orange had made an unsuccessful attempt at a field goal.

Although the third quarter was a scoreless one, there was enough excitement in the last quarter to make up for it. The fourth period started with the ball in East Orange's possession on Barringer's twenty-yard line. On the first play in this quarter East Orange scored a touchdown on a forward pass from Neidlinger to Danforth. Danforth kicked the goal, putting East Orange in the lead by two points. On the next kick-off, Gregory received the ball and passed it to "Julie" who gained several yards. Then Gregory started driving the team at full speed. Barringer succeeded in slowly going down the field until one of Gregory's kicks was blocked. Juliano got the ball but only at the loss of several yards. After another exchange of kicks, Barringer once more came into the possession of the ball on its twenty-yard line. After a few unsuccessful rushes Barringer again kicked. Here Barringer held for downs and again received the ball. Gregory again kicked but this time a Barringer man recovered the ball. By rushing the ball was brought within striking distance of the goal. After three unsuccessful forward passes, Ritchie was called on for a field goal. Although his attempt failed, Barringer again recovered the ball and this time "Julie" was called on for a field goal. "Julie" kicked the ball between the uprights. The crowd then swarmed on the field and it was only with difficulty that the police could clear the field. After the field was cleared Barringer kicked off to East Orange. A minute later Becker intercepted a forward pass and raced over the line for another touchdown. Mahan kicked the goal which ended the greatest Barringer-East Oorange game with Barringer the victor by the score of 17-9.

The score.

Barringer.		*East Orange.*
Frazier	Left End.	Schryver
Becker	Left Tackle	Calloway
Hummell	Left Guard	Murray
Noble	Center	Aschenbach
Poland	Right Guard	McDonald
Kuhnle	Right Tackle	Paxton
Herbell	Right End	Danforth
Gregory	Quarterback	Neidlinger
Poole	Left Halfback	Ackley
Juliano	Right Halfback	Coe
Ritchie	Fullback	Koehler

Score by periods:

Barringer	0	7	0	10—17
East Orange	2	0	0	7— 9

Touchdowns—Juliano, Becker, Danforth. Goals from touchdowns—Juliano, Danforth, Mahan. Goal from field—Juliano. Safety—East Orange. Substitutes—Hummell for Poole, Doremus for Noble, Munn for Hummell, Merola for Munn, Carrangelo for Mutchler, Addonzion for Merola, Minister for Poole, Riker for Herbell, Mutchier for Poland, Mahan for Minster, Tankoos for Riker, Bush for Schryver, Meteer for Coe. Referee—Vic Schwartz, Brown. Umpire —Elder, Williams. Head linesman—Garrison, Wesleyan. Time of quarter—Fifteen minutes.

CENTRAL BEATS BARRINGER HOME IN CITY CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Central won the city cross county championship at Weequahic Park, beating out Barringer, South Side and East Side in the order named. Central scored 57 points; Barringer 123; South Side 145 and East Side 200.

Richman, of South Side, was the individual star, winning by 60 yards. However, four Central men followed him in before Schneider of Barringer hove into view closely followed by Pickwick.

Barringer's chances of winning rose at the half way mark, but the hot pace toward the finish killed all hopes. The big surprise of the race was the running of Schneider. Schneider does not get much time to train, and this was his first real race of the season, yet he was the first Barringer man to finish. The score:

1.	Richman, S. S.	15.53
2.	Hooper, Cen.	16.06
3.	Lalor, Cen.	16.08
4.	Augentlein, Cen.	16.12
5.	Helbig, Cen.	16.20
6.	Schneider, Bar.	16.25
7.	Pickwick, Bar.	16.30
8.	Douglas, Cen.	16.31
9.	Berry, S. S.	16.40
10.	Rauch, Cen.	16.41
11.	Cooper, Bar.	16.43
12.	Donnelly, Cen.	16.50
13.	Meyer, Cen.	16.55
14.	McDonald, S. S.	16.57
15.	Keller, Bar.	17.02
16.	H. Foster, E. S.	17.12
17.	Santora, E. S.	17.13
18.	Mitchell, Bar.	17.20
19.	Belino, Bar.	17.20
20.	Duguid, Bar.	17.26
21.	Adelstein, S. S.	17.27
22.	Russo, E. S.	17.29
23.	Gordon, E. S.	17.30
24.	Ozias, S. S.	17.32
25.	Lehreck, S. S.	17.33
26.	Bonnell, S. S.	17.34
27.	Schneider, S. S.	17.39
28.	Lynch, Cen.	17.50
29.	Minichello, Bar.	17.53
30.	Hammond, Bar.	17.57
31.	Bergman, S. S.	18.01
32.	Stone, E. S.	18.02
33.	Wilcox, E. S.	18.04
34.	Cyril, S. S.	18.06
35.	Gibbons, Bar.	18.10
36.	Brady, Cen.	18.14
37.	Howell, Cen.	18.23
38.	Pheil, Cen.	18.37
39.	Gurey, S. S.	18.46
40.	Waskewich, E. S.	18.48
41.	Stizza, Bar.	19.05
42.	Lewis, E. S.	19.25

BATTIN TAKES CROSS COUNTRY RUN.

Battin High School's cross country team defeated Barringer quite easily at Weequahic Park by the score of 23 to 32. Pickwick sprang a big surprise by beating out his team mate Wostroff and even giving Elste a battle for first place.

After the first mile the race settled down to a battle between Elste, Pickwick, Pfefferstein and Wostroff, with the Battin men having the better of the argument. Toward the finish Pickwick drew upon Elste while Wotsroff dropped back. Then Elste uncorked a beautiful sprint. Pickwick gamely responded but was not quite strong enough to win. The score:

1.	Elste, Battin	16.14
2.	Pickwick, Bar.	16.15
3.	Pfefferstein, Battin	16.19
4.	Donlan, Battin	16.34
5.	Wostroff, Bar.	16.48
6.	Cooper, Bar.	17.01
7.	Walters, Battin	17.06
8.	Hembrock, Battin	17.26
9.	Keller, Bar.	17.44
10.	Belino, Bar.	17.51
11.	Clayton, Battin	17.59
12.	Mitchell, Bar.	18.14
13.	Duguid, Bar.	18.21
14	Gibbbons, Bar.	18.34
15.	Minichello, Bar.	18.50

Team score:

Battin	1	3	4	7	8—23
Barringer	2	5	6	9	10—32

JOHN PUCILLO.

Throughout his entire high school course, John Pucillo has been in the front ranks on the baseball diamond. Having had considerable practice as pitcher in the Franklin School, with perseverance and practice, he soon became Barringer's star twirler. To his excellent pitching is due the success of the team in capturing the city championship in 1916, when he was captain. The number of hits made against him is unusually low but the poor support of the team has kept his average of games won rather low. Pucillo is not only a good pitcher but also one of Barringer's strongest men with the stick. Now, Pucillo is going to graduate and Chief will find it hard to develop a player to take his place.

Look at Francis Walton, our star pole vaulter As a midget he won several places in Barringer Field Days. As a Junior he broke the City pole vaulting record, which he still holds. As a Senior last year he with Captain Witsell broke the N. J. I. A. A. pole vaulting record. Witsell, however, won the event. He is also a star tennis player.

There's Sam Gregory, our varsity quarterback. Last year he was a member of the squad but this year he played varsity football. In track

he showed his class as a high jumper by winning the N. J. I. A. A. He also made enough points to win his "B" at swimming.

TRIBUTE TO MR. FIELDS.

Just a word about Mr. Fields. In this cross-country season Mr. Fields has shown most laudable spirit. It is doubtful if there ever was a coach who had better prospects at the beginning of the season or suffered more disappointments. What happened? Miller was injured, Mileto got sick, Banks left school, and Jacobus joined the Aviation Corps. That was a team that was practically unbeatable. But was Mr. Fields discouraged or did he quit? No. He started over again and built up a team which was surprisingly strong. He developed two stars. The first, Wostroff who has run before, and the second, Pickwick who was out for the first time. Therefore give credit where credit is due.

GIRLS' HOCKEY, 1917.

This year has seen the introduction of hockey among the sports for the girls. In 1913 a few class teams were organized but they never really got together and played, probably because of the lack of enthusiasm among the girls. This year, however, when Miss Punzelt called for a meeting of all those interested in field hockey, a large number reported, and as soon as the permit for the use of the field in the park was obtained, practice began in earnest. Miss Hazel Wyeth gave the girls points on the game, while she was at Barringer, which proved a great help. Two teams have beeen chosen with "Dot" Duncan as captain of one and "Jo" Florence captain of the other. When the teams get into shape we expect to see some fine games and hope that next year Barringer will turn out a girls' hockey team which will be worthy of much favorable comment.

Popularity Contest

1. Done Most for Class
   (Girl)—EMMA ANTZ.
   (Boy)—ALFRED TERHUNE.
2. Best All-Around
   (Girl)—DOROTHY DUNCAN.
   (Boy)—SANFORD GREGORY.
3. Most Popular
   (Girl)—DOROTHY JACOBS.
   (Boy)—SANFORD GREGORY.
4. Handsomest
   (Girl)—RUTH TEN EYCK.
   (Boy)—SANFORD GREGORY.
5. Best Mixer
   (Girl)—DOROTHY RUDD.
   (Boy)—SANFORD GREGORY.
6. Biggest Bluffer
   (Girl)—CELINA ROWE.
   (Boy)—IRVING IDLER, and
   MEYER GOLDBERG.
7. Biggest Grind
   (Girl)—EMMA ANTZ.
   (Boy)—FRED GREEN.
8. Best Dresser
   (Girl)—FRANCES BEUCKE.
   (Boy)—JEROME SAMUEL.
9. Brightest
   (Girl)—EMMA ANTZ.
   (Boy)—LOUIS KANENGIESER.
10. Class Baby
    (Girl)—PAULINE WESSER.
    (Boy)—PHILIP GROSSBLATT.
11. Wittiest
    (Girl)—FRANCES BEUCKE.
    (Boy)—JAMES BERRY.
12. Quietest
    (Girl)—ELOISE FITZGERALD.
    (Boy)—ALEXANDER PATTON.
13. Liveliest
    (Girl)—DOROTHY RUDD.
    (Boy)—JOSEPH WLUDYLSA.
14. Best Dancer
    (Girl)—DOROTHY JACOBS, and
    MARION BARDSLEY.
    (Boy)—FRANCIS WALTON.
15. Most Energetic
    (Girl)—ELIZABETH SCHELL.
    (Boy)—IRVING IDLER.
16. Biggest Flirt
    (Girl)—DOROTHY RUDD.
    (Boy)—FRANCIS WALTON.
17. Best Athlete
    (Girl)—DOROTHY DUNCAN.
    (Boy)—SANFORD GREGORY.
18. Most Conceited
    (Girl)—ELIZABETH MacARTHUR.
    (Boy)—FRANCIS WALTON.
19. Best Smile
    (Girl)—MILDRED TURNER.
    (Boy)—ALFRED TERHUNE.
20. Biggest Pull
    (Girl)—EMMA ANTZ.
    (Boy)—IRVING IDLER.
21. Best Natured
    (Girl)—LUCILE HAMMOND.
    (Boy)—LOUIS KANENGIESER.
22. Biggest Fusser
    (Girl)—DOROTHY RUDD.
    (Boy)—FRANCIS WALTON.
23. Will Make Greatest Success
    (Girl)—EMMA ANTZ.
    (Boy)—VIRGIL PENNINGTON.
24. Favorite Teacher
    MR. MILWITZKY.

Graduate Notes

J. Wilbur Riker. Helen Gordon.

Did you know that:

Leon Hauser is secretary to Secretary of Navy Daniels?

Mildred Lusk and Mollie Titus, June, '11, are both teaching at Robt. Treat School?

Walter Johnson, '11, Princeton, '15, took his master's degree a tColumbia and is now an instructor of English at the University of Wisconsin?

Wm. Cox, '15, is taking a course at Columbia University?

Philip Gordon, A.M., June, '11, is lecturing on "music" in Newark and New York? He is also a member of the German Department of Columbia University.

Dr. Charles Rich, June, '11, has been made First Lieutenant in the Medical Corps?

George W. Gilman, D.D.S., has begun to practice dentistry in Newark?

Peirce Traulyn is a practicing lawyer in Newark?

Louis Fast, '11, is Commissioner of Parks and Playgrounds?

David Hoffman is teaching in Philadelphia, Pa.

David Schotland, June, '11, Cornell, '15, is principal in a grammar school in Millstone, N. J.?

Isador Liss, '16, is taking a course in dentistry at the N. Y. W. Dental College?

Alex. Goldberg is teaching in Orange? He was the class poet of the Class June, '11.

Ruth Gronheit is the assistant in the Biology Laboratory in Central High?

Albert Rizzolo, '15, is at Camp Dix in the Engineering Corps?

Libero Sibilia, '15, and Fillipone are also at Camp Dix as quartermasters?

John Crecca, '14, has graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis? He is now on the Battleship *Vermont* as an ensign.

Kenneth Mawha has left the American Ambulance service in France and entered the U. S. Regular Army?

Andrew Jack has also entered the Army. He formerly attended Cornell.

Lieutenant Zimmerman, '07, is on the Battleship *Vermont?*

Leila and Lois Knipe are attending Muskingum College in Ohio?

Edith McEwen, '17, has entered Smith College and expects later to study medicine?

Karl Egge our former cartoonist is now employment manager at Bamberger's?

Arthur Young, also a Barringer Grad., is at the same place?

Wesley Jamieson, Barringer, '17, has entered the University of California, and is greatly enjoying his work there?

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A. A.

MAY EACH MEMBER OF CLASS OF
JAN. '18 BE BLESSED WITH SUCCESS

COMPLIMENTS OF

Class Jan. '19 to Jan. '18

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THE ALUMNI AS HE WAS A STUDENT
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CAUSE AND EFFECT.

(*Continued from page* 13.)

small boat full of sailors approaching. No sooner had the boat touched the landing than the men quickly sprang out and, at the command of an officer, roughly seized Barton, who, too weak in mind and body to offer resistance, was bound hand and foot and thrown into the boat. There he lost consciousness and all grew dark.

Barton jumped up with a start and put his hands to his head. His brow was covered with cold sweat. His knees gave way beneath him,

(*Continued on page* 59.)

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(*Continued from page* 57.)

as he sank exhausted into a chair. "Thank God," he gasped as he looked about him, "it was only a dream."

The next morning John Barton went down town to the bank, in which he kept his account, and ordered $25,000 to be converted into Liberty Bonds.

"My boy," said Barton to the genial young clerk, "a terrible dream last night has made me realize more than ever before what the United States is fighting against in this war. For humanity's sake I am investing this money in Liberty Bonds."

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"Mary" Taylor
"Teny" Ten Eyck
"Tommy" Thompson
"Bobs" Thornton
"Topsy" Turner
"Clever" Vanderhoof
"El" Weber
"Belle" Webber
"Baby" Wesser
"Pussy" Yelton

A NIGHTMARE.

(*Continued from page* 11.)

panion listened to the great, reverberating chimes, and quickened the pace. Now they literally flew through the air. Suddenly they whirled around a corner of the house, and only ten feet of air remained to be traversed. But there remained only a second of time. Quickly, Santa Claus grasped Will by the nape of the neck, whirled him around, and threw him. But alas! Santa's aim was poor. Straight through the air Willie flew, but instead of going through the window,

(*Continued on page* 63.)

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"Mac" McCutcheon
"Milt" Newsome
"Alex" Patton
"Puch" Pucillo
"Pete" Peters
"Dick" Pennington
"Judge" Rizzolo
"Bud" Rilser
"Jerry" Samuel
"Pete" Terhune
"Scientific" Volpe
"Luke" Walton
"Iphgenie" Whedyka
"Shakespeare" Weinberg

(*Continued from page* 59.)

he struck the wall of the house with a resounding thud, and howled from pain and fright.

Then he awoke. He was lying on the floor. His mother, with an anxious face, was bending over him, asking, "William, William, what is the matter?"

And Will answered, "Aw, ma, lemme alone."

Last year Bill's complexion was very Whiteley; but now it has become exceedingly Ruddy.

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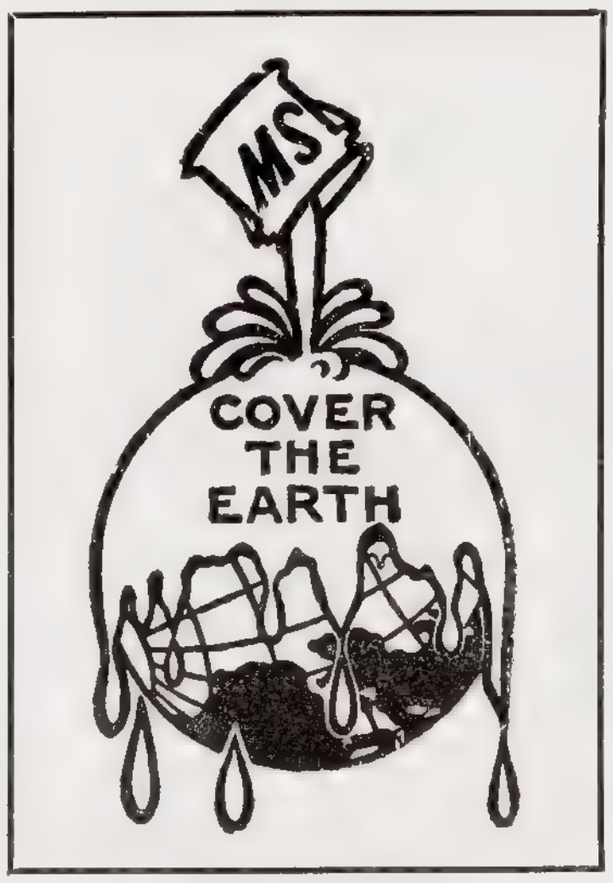

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FOOTBALL CELEBRATION.

(*Continued from page* 43.)

used in the South Side and East Orange games. Louie expressed the thanks of the football squad for the hearty support given them by the school throughout the entire season. "Chief" then gave a brief outline of 1917 football season and emphasized the point that "team work," rather than individual playing was the chief factor of the season's success.

Wells then lead in the cheers for the East Orange team, coach and captain and also for the Barringer team, "Chief," Mr. Johnson, Mr. Pritchard, Mr. Snavely and Captain Ritchie.

(*Continued on page* 69.)

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(*Continued from page 67.*)

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